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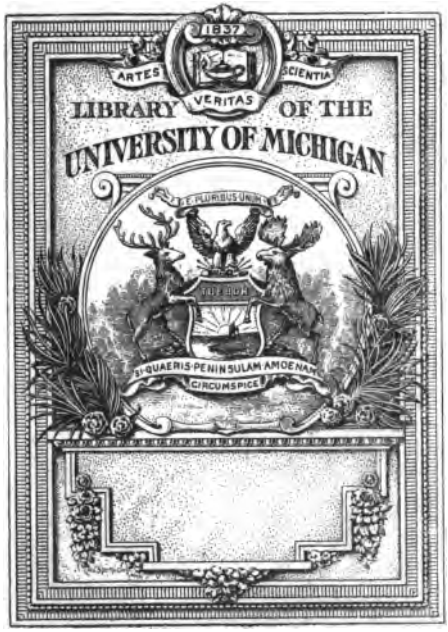
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THE

MYSTERY OF THE SOUL:

A SEARCH

INTO

MAN'S ORIGIN, NATURE, AND DESTINY.

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BY

S. W. FULLOM,

ROYAL HANOVERIAN GOLD-MEDALLIST FOR ART AND SCIENCE.

AUTHOR OF THE "LIFE OF SIR HOWARD DOUGLAS," ETC. ETC.

"Of all that breathe,
And walk upon the earth, or creep, is nought
More wretched than the unhappy race of Man."
Lord Derby's HOMER.

"What a piece of work is Man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals."—SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:
CHARLES J SKEET 10, KING WILLIAM STREET,
CHARING CROSS.
1865.

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TO

SIR CHARLES R. McGRIGOR, BART.,

This Work is Dedicated,

IN APPRECIATION

OF HIS GENEROUS CHARACTER,

HIS LITERARY ATTAINMENTS,

AND HIS FRIENDSHIP.

TO

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

CHAPTER I.

OF THE STRUCTURE OF THINGS 1

CHAPTER II.

OF THE ORIGIN OF NATURE AND MAN, AND THE PROBLEM OF A CREATOR 10

CHAPTER III.

SURVEY OF THE VESTIGES OF MAN, AND THEIR PRETENSIONS TO ANTIQUITY. 36

CHAPTER IV.

MAN IN ANCIENT RECORDS 72

CHAPTER V.

OF THE INSTINCT OF BRUTES, AND ITS RELATION TO HUMAN REASON 92

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE VARIOUS RACES OF MAN, AND THEIR ORIGIN AND HABITS, AND THE CAUSES OF DETERIORATION OF RACE 108

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PAGE

CHAPTER VII.

OF MAN'S SENSATIONS, EMOTIONS, QUALITIES, AND PASSIONS, EXHIBITING THE DISTINCTNESS OF THE BODY AND MIND, AND THE NATURE OF THEIR ASSOCIATION 134

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE MIND, OR SOUL, AS EXHIBITED IN ITS FACULTIES 160

CHAPTER IX.

OF SPEECH AND LANGUAGE 193

CHAPTER X.

OF RELIGION AND THE DEITY 216

CHAPTER XI.

OF THE SOUL'S MORAL RELATIONS 246

CHAPTER XII.

OF DEATH 263

CHAPTER XIII.

OF THE SOUL'S FUTURE 279

PREFACE.

It was originally my intention not to swell these pages with a preface. A book must have failed of its aim, if this need be explained, and I prefer to leave my discourse to explain itself. But the subject required me to touch on certain statements in the Scriptures, and a high authority has pronounced against such discussions, affirming that the Scriptures must be right, since they are the Word of God: wherefore they are to be believed, and their statements to be left uncanvassed, however irreconcilable with facts. Dr. Pusey forgets that the Mahommedans use the same argument for the Koran. It is not enough to say that the Scriptures are

the Word of God and cannot err: our clergy must be ready to prove that these things are so. Not that they need travel out of the record. The Bishop of Oxford has well said that the account of the Creation is too shadowy to come in conflict with the discoveries of science. In fact, the actual Revelation but states that "in six periods of time the Lord made Heaven and Earth, the sea, and all that in them is." But there are other difficulties, and it would be unworthy of the intelligence of the age to accept the Old Testament, if these were insolvable.

I trust that some minds will be reassured by the following pages. Here I shall refer only to the question of the creation of Man, and it must be allowed that demonstration of his antiquity would deal a blow at the authority of the Scriptures, from their being understood to assign it a specific date. It will be seen that I impugn the supposed relics of Man's early presence, but I am a believer in a pre-Adamite race, notwithstanding.

And I submit that an antecedence is distinctly noted by Moses; for we find mention of two creations of Man—one at the beginning of the sixth period; and one at its close, when Man underwent a change. I conceive the last fact to be asserted in the word which we render as "became," but I thought it desirable to obtain a literal version of the passage on competent authority, and this I procured from the Reverend James P. Fletcher, who considers the word to signify "made into." The sheets had gone to press, when an eminent scholar forwarded me the annexed memorandum, which has received the approval of the first Hebraist of the day, and also of one of the first Grecians, and it gives my inference the fullest corroboration: "The question concerns the phrase ויהי ל represented in the Septuagint by ἐγένετο εἰς. It is an expression frequently used, and almost always signifies THE OCCURRENCE OF A CHANGE of some sort, but without defining whether the change is in essence, condition, or relation.

So in Genesis i. 14, 15, "Let them be (*as they had not been before*) for signs — for lights:" *ib.* verse 29—"To you *it shall be for* meat." To this meaning there are two chief exceptions which have nothing to do with the present passage:—

1. "Where an infinitive follows היתה and the meaning is "is bent upon doing."

2. "Where ל represents a strict dative, analogous to the Latin *est mihi.*"

"Out of this arises a third where היה is followed by ל twice repeated, like "*Sum*" with the double dative; in this case the idea of change is much less prominent than when the single ל is used, and sometimes disappears altogether, as in Leviticus xxvi. 12, and such promises *after* the deliverance from Egypt, as regard continuance in God's favour and not return to it, which latter, e.g. Jeremiah xxiv. 7, fall under the general head as implying change of relation."

The fifth verse of Genesis ii. may signify either that the pre-Adamite race had become

extinct, or that it was unacquainted with agriculture, and I incline to the latter interpretation: indeed, the term which we here render "there was" is so doubtful, that the translators mark it by italics. But I have thought it well to consider the question of unity of race from both points of view, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusion.

Dr. Pusey proposes to expand the Mosaic chronology by assuming the number of generations from Adam to be a symbolic one; but such an assumption is wholly unwarranted, and could never be admitted by laymen. He truly remarks that knowledge and faith have different spheres, but it is illogical to infer that faith should believe what knowledge shows to be false; and we must remember that the Apostle enjoins us "to be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you."

I must beg to tender my thanks to ———, and to the Rev. James P. Fletcher, and Dr. Birch, the eminent Egyptologist, who has fav-

oured me with a valuable communication on the ancient Egyptian view of the immortality of the soul.

S. W. FULLOM.

Surbiton, S.W.
October 13th, 1865.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE SOUL.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE STRUCTURE OF THINGS.

WHEN do we first appreciate the mystery of our existence? Some of us never, and none of us at once. The mind catches a gleam, like that of dawn, then a twilight, then the full day. The time comes when the faculties make a bound, and seize the whole. But the effect is deadened, because the fact is familiar, and we are only more alive to its import. What would be our sensations were we born adults, and came upon life with matured powers, and in one moment. The poet makes this the situation of Eve—

> "when from sleep
> I first awaked, and found myself reposed
> Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
> And what I was, whence thither brought, and how."

Imagination conceives that such a being would not give her first thought to the objects around, though so novel and striking, and comprising the most beautiful features of nature. Her eye would meet the picture—the summer sky and the sparkling waters, the turf and trees and gentle slope, opening the valley, and distant mountains—but half unconsciously, and as a sort of dream, for all her consciousness would be absorbed by herself: what was she? whence did she come? and how?

These points are reported to ourselves as ascertained. We grow up in the information, and it lines the mind, and becomes a part of daily life. There is no room for question; for all is imparted, and nothing seems unknown—neither man, nor nature, nor the supernatural, neither the past nor future. Our social position may be low; our body may be subjected to privation, or goaded by toil; but the soul lies "under a shade on flowers." It is not till belief is ingrained that Time brings certain strange things to our ears, and we are told that

all our impressions are false or uncertain, or only partly true. Critics point to discrepancies, wits to oversights, and philosophers to impossibilities, while science propounds new theories, drifting us further, and claiming the authority of a Revelation from Fact.

What *are* we? whence do we come? and how?—awful questions, which we thought decided, and find debatable. We cannot approach them unbiassed, like the poet's Eve. Our understanding is prepossessed; our feelings are alarmed; and we shrink from searching for what we fear to discover. Alas! our inertness will not affect the truth, nor will ignorance give bliss; and it is better to investigate the situation, and learn its real character.

What *are* we?—mortal beings, fearfully and wonderfully made, endowed with capabilities of pleasure, and an equal liability to pain, gifted with sight and hearing, and having power of motion, and freedom of will. This existence we share with other animals, as countless as they are varied. They tenant every region,

from the mountain top to the depths of the sea; they wing their way through the air; they crawl at our feet, and burrow underground. Here life takes the unwieldy form of the elephant, or the magnitude of the whale; here it refines into the lark; and here fades into invisibility. Some animals present a complex organism, some but a rudiment; and some possess few faculties, while others exhibit a variety. But all live—all hold an individual existence, and each species is specially adapted to its sphere. There are points of difference and points of resemblance, now of form, now of aptitude or habit; but nowhere fusion. And foremost stands MAN, foremost by his person, aspect, and MIND, the only rational being, the subduer of all others. The first principles of animated nature are order, harmony, and unity, and its first law the supremacy of Man.

But here is only a common life, which pervades the world, and no revelation of whence it comes, or what it is. We turn from ourselves

to surrounding objects, and ask what is Nature herself—the world, the planets, and the stars, day and night and time, the seasons and their endless phenomena, which we have hardly observed to be wonderful till this moment. Can these tell us nothing? They have neither speech nor language, it is true, but they image such purposes that their voices seem heard among them. For they move, change, disappear, and return; they are eclipsed or convulsed, and preserve their stability, and we see they are eternal. Some such impression it was that led the olden sages to contemplate the heavens, and thence draw their oracles. And the heavenly bodies are still our beacons. They light up Nature, and thus serve for our admonition, exciting our curiosity, and attracting us to explore. "I would instance, among the most striking scenes of Nature, the calm sublimity of a tropical night," says Alexander Von Humboldt, "when the stars, not sparkling, as in our northern skies, shed their soft and planetary light over the gently-heaving

ocean.[1]" What Humboldt so forcibly expresses was my own impression, when I first surveyed the constellations of the southern hemisphere, and the Magellanic clouds. Then a glance unveiled to me the bounds of the universe, and I realised its immensity. This was undreamt of by the men of old time; for they had no means of exploring the skies; but the heavenly bodies excited their wonder—sages noted the changing position of the stars, the flight of the meteor and the progress of the comet—they measured the revolutions of the sun and moon, and recorded their eclipses, and thus laid the foundation of knowledge. Ages of such observation brought us to the discoveries of Copernicus, Gallileo, Kepler, and Newton, and these prophets have stripped mystery from the world.

Our globe is one of a group of planets, circling round the sun, and situate on the border of the Milky Way. The Milky Way comprises eighteen millions of suns, and analogy teaches that each is independent of the others, and the

[1] Cosmos, i. 4.

centre of a system. These systems are cut off from us by a gulf, which no magnifying power can bridge, and which would reduce our own sun to a speck. But even this range gives us but a glimpse of Nature, for the Milky Way is only a fragment of the universe. The eye scans a flood of orbs to the verge of sight; the telescope multiplies the number, and traces the same profusion through illimitable space. Some are so far removed that their light is two millions of years reaching our globe. The Nebulæ have been resolved into suns, so have the Magellanic clouds, and the imagination reels under the supposition that each of these suns may preside over a system, composed of inhabited worlds. Indeed, one cannot conceive them to exist for any other purpose.

Science authorises us to doubt whether Nature ends even here, the limit of the southern hemisphere. The pole exhibits tracts of darkness

> "under the frown of night,
> Starless exposed,"

and for which their black aspect has procured the name of *the coal sacks.* The brightest constellations of Heaven encircle these blanks, where they seem to lamp the gates of Nature, and mark its bounds. Can it be that beyond is —nothing? Is it possible there can be space without matter, a region of emptiness? Astronomers reject such a conclusion, and ascribe the blanks to the brilliancy of the surrounding constellations, which extinguish all lesser lights. In fact, the "coal sacks" are the portals of another universe. Sir William Herschell terms them "openings," and Humboldt calls them "tubes, through which we may look into the remotest depths of space," and might bring up clusters of stars but for the inadequacy of the telescope.

This fabric of suns and worlds is prevaded by one principle—*motion;* and motion holds it together and insures its stability. Our own system unfolds to us the mode of action. Here the planets are bent to their orbits by mutual attraction, centring in the sun, and are so placed, that their relative situation shall

counteract their unequal magnitude, and keep the system in balance. It was thought that all the solar bodies were subject to the law of gravitation, but this is now ascertained to be incorrect, as Encke's comet approaches the sun in a spiral, while the law of gravitation imposes an elliptic path, but the discovery only proves that gravitation is not a consequence, but an ordinance—an impress on matter, not an inherent quality. The key of our system is harmony. It hinges on relation and dependence, and these are preserved by motion, which may be called its life. So is it throughout the universe: all is in motion. And here is proof of order and unity, as well as harmony, the impress stamped on animal life, and natural phenomena—everywhere the same principles. This is DESIGN, and the design is a WHOLE, so must be the work of ONE INTELLIGENCE. Let us now inquire if this deduction accords with the fuller testimony of science.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE ORIGIN OF NATURE AND MAN, AND THE PROBLEM OF A CREATOR.

PHILOSOPHY is not quick to ascribe results to the intervention of a presiding and overruling Power; for it everywhere beholds a process of causes and effects, and hence refers all things to a like agency. And there is no other way of arriving at truth. We must put aside every impression when we search for knowledge, and consider that the knowledge is to be gleaned from the subject of study. Foregone conclusions will blind our eyes and warp our judgment, and render study useless.

Bacon calls our persuasions "idols," and the ancients made an idol even of the Creator, by planting His image as a block to inquiry—worshipping His mythical form instead of Him-

self. Knowledge is fact, and fact is what can be proved, and brought home to the understanding: hence must be independent of prepossessions. There may be convictions which refuse such a test, and which we feel to be true, notwithstanding; but these are matters of belief. They must be extruded from our researches, or they will blend with the subject, and cramp perception. Let us remember that it is not faith that would stifle inquiry—faith is confident, and regards knowledge as the mirror of God, but knowledge is hateful to superstition, which shrinks from light, and confides only in miracles.

The prevalent philosophy of the day is material—that is, it considers the universe to be a confluence of matter, or substance, cast into form by its innate tendencies, and then set in motion. Atoms collect in vapour, vapour condenses into matter, matter throws off its thin coating, and these offshoots become suns, planets, and moons. A like process accounts for animal life. Certain conditions generated a rudiment, then came new conditions and gave the rudi-

ment a development, and so it ascended the stages of animal life to Man. Man is a development from an ape.

Here Nature is her own creator, and dispenses with intervention, so that it needs but to inquire if she is equal to the work. Certainly she exhibits no lack of powers, and these may be traced to causes, and the causes to conditions: whence they may be said to be self-generated—only we have to learn the nature of the conditions: whether they are inherent in matter, or come to it by gift. And we have to discover an origin for matter itself, for its first atoms. But let us now waive such considerations, and take the conditions of matter as spontaneous. Will the companion theory account for the origin of Man? We know that he is generated by natural causes which insure continuance of his species, and that the same agency prevades all life, down to the lowest animal. Man is begotten. He receives life from parents, who came by it in like manner, and reproduction is perpetuated by a union of sexes. But what was the origin of this

existence? There must have been a time when it had a beginning—when there were no parents —and whence did man first derive his form, life, and reason?

Materialism derives the spirit of life from the air-cells of a sea-weed: this is the root of all living. There was a moment when a concurrence of influences generated animals, but with a power equal only to the simplest structure. This being was the sole occupant of the world, it reproduced itself, and the progeny showed no variation of form through countless generations. But time introduced another combination of causes, and a portion of the spawn took a development, and appeared as new species. Trilobites and branchiopods followed the course of their progenitors and ultimately attained a further development, whence grew more perfect forms, gradually spreading through sea, land, and air. Thus Nature peopled the ocean with fish, up to the whale, covered the earth with insects and reptiles, filled the air with birds, and the forests with quadrupeds, and generated all

beasts, including the mastodon, mammoth, and elephant, finally "crowning the edifice" with MAN.

Nor is spontaneous generation considered to have yet ceased. It has operated powerfully, and it still works, and comes into being under our own eyes. We are told to seek for it in decayed vegetation, to note it in the excrement of animals, and to observe it even in the human body, living and dead. It is said to be the unvarying effect of certain conditions of light and heat, and the sun "breeds maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion." In short, spontaneous generation is busy everywhere, and there is nothing hid from the reach thereof—neither Beauty's tresses nor the beggar's rags, neither the King's chamber nor his grave. Here are the facts, and they do seem to countenance the doctrine—slenderly indeed, and only on one point, but with a show of warrant. Certainly life is generated on the human skin and in the human hair; it is discovered in the human body, on the bodies of animals, and it teems in

decaying matter. But does it follow that the generation is spontaneous? On the contrary we know that it is imparted, and springs from ova, parentally begotten. These ova are invisible. They are imbibed in water, eaten in food, and lodged by the air. Neglect affords that protection which is necessary to their development, or this is produced by certain derangements of the body, or the stagnation of death. The issue takes a definite form, which is foreknown, and is final, and the same law governs their progeny, which are the counterpart of themselves.

There is thus no ground for the assertion that spontaneous generation is now in action, or within our experience. We go to the lowest forms of life, and find that they are not the effect of certain combinations of light and heat and matter, as alleged, but that such conditions aid generation, when the seed of life exists. The conditions hatch, but the seed is a thing apart, and must be parentally begotten. The production of life shows nothing spontaneous,

because the effect could not be but for the ova, and the ova accrues from impregnation. The issue are of the same species as the parent—that is, they have the same shape and habits, and they reproduce their structure, which is specially fitted to their mode of existence. There is something more than spontaneousness in this, if philosophy could find it out.

The theory of progressive development would have more coherence, if it ascribed a separate ancestor to the life of each element. It is obvious that there must be an impassable gulf fixed between the air, the earth, and the water. A bridge may seem to exist in water fowl on the one hand, and amphibious animals on the other, but the approach is more apparent than real. Both water fowl and amphibious animals breed on land: they have no habits akin to fishes, and present no resemblance in their structure. There is nothing to connect them with a piscatorial origin. Let us take the nearest link from each end of the chain—the flying-fish and the bat; the one seeming to re-

late birds to fishes, the other to merge birds in animals. I have often watched the flying-fish on the wing, and the movement is more suggestive of a leap than flight, and is partly incidental. The fish darts from the top or slope of a wave, and appears to rise in the air, because it is left there by the subsidence of the water, between one wave and another, and it is borne to the next wave by the force of the impulse. The flight rarely extends beyond this space, though the fish may dip its fin, and fling itself to a third wave. The fin has some likeness to the wing of a bat, but it is the likeness of a shadow, and vanishes on comparison. Nor do the earlier rocks yield a representative of the flying-fish. The Pterichthis was furnished with appendages, which bear some resemblance to wings, but they appear to have been a sort of buckler, or means of defence, and the rest of its structure accords with such use, being enveloped with plates of bone, an effective armour, but incompatible with flight. Oolitic rocks present a winged reptile, but on a small scale, and in a

rudimentary form, and it is not represented in our system by the flying-fish, but by the flying lizard. In fact, the Pterodactyl serves to prove that neither the flying-fish nor the bat is a stage of developement; for the track of reptiles has been found as early as the Lower Silurian, and the footprints of birds have been discovered in the American Sandstones. Quadrupedal footprints are impressed on a slab of the Old Red Sandstone of Morayshire, and the same rocks have yielded the skeleton of a reptile, which thus brings reptiles into existence before fishes.

But what can we trace here of the dawn of Life when we reach only that part of the primeval world which but cornered its shores or formed the bed of its ocean? We plumb those depths for soundings, and our lead brings up a few minute shells, whence we conclude this was the highest form of existing life. I have fished up such shells from the surface of the Grassy Sea, a hundred leagues from land, and the relics yielded by the earliest rocks may have been the

same distance from shore. Certainly, they mark the deep sea, and only by accident can other forms of life have been entombed in such spots, while terrestrial remains are not to be looked for. That land did exist we have proof; for the sea met a barrier in our own Grampian hills, and foot-tracks have been disinterred from rocks so ancient as the Montreal Sandstone, the shore of regions of which we cannot guess the bounds. Land is uncovered in the Carboniferous period, and here great import is attached to the absence of quadrupeds, but this is no proof that the higher order of animals had not yet appeared. We assume that the whole earth was forest-grown, because forest predominated; but America shows that the prevalence of forest is conjoined with vast pastures, and the same conjunction is found in Australia. Our only means of realising the past is by analogy from the present; existing tropical forests embrace all the representatives of those of the carboniferous era, and we must consider the ancient world to have admitted the same intervals of

prairie. In fact, the coal measures form but a fraction of the range of the earth, and the rest must be either given up to the sea, or left to organic life. The coal forests are reflected by the present forests of South America, where the trees are entwined with creepers and parasitical plants, and shut out the day, and where ferns and bamboos and soaring palmitoes grow into each other, and become ramparts of vegetation. "The stillness of these forests is very impressive," says a recent traveller, "for there seem to be hardly any animals in them, and very few birds. There are plenty of insects and a few snakes, but not so many as I expected."[1]

Thus we are not to infer that the Carboniferous Period was devoid of quadrupeds, because no skeletons of quadrupeds are disinterred from its forests; for the forests of our own era show that quadrupeds would not be found there, and yet they might be multiplying on the earth. Indeed, traces of their existence have been discovered, and a slab of the lower coal beds of the

[1] Elwes' Tour Round The World.

Alleghany mountains is marked with the foot-prints of a four-footed reptile, precisely the type of life we should ascribe to such a situation.

It is admitted that the theory of a progressive development of life rests on imperfect evidence, but the lack of proof is considered to be balanced by probability, and the testimony of an ascending organization. Certainly the probability is very improbable, and an ascending organization affords no argument for a progressive development—particularly when the organization ascends through various channels and a multiplicity of forms, none of which blends with another, and where the advance here stops, here diverges, and is visible only in the whole span. The theory of development finds even less support in geological remains, where it originated. The process of transmutation of species breaks down in its first stages; and the fossil cemeteries deliver up reptiles before fishes, though fishes should take precedence. Again, remains of mammalia have been extracted from the lower Oolitic rocks,

while none are discoverable in a series of strata above, and the chain is thus broken in its highest link.

M. Serres affirms that the rudiment of development may be traced in the human fœtus, the brain of which passes through phases successively representing that of the fish, the reptile, and the bird, and only acquires the mammalian form on the eve of birth. But the supposed resemblance is imaginary; for anatomists show that these phases are not the developed forms of the brain of other animals, but merely steps, and that the coincidence points to similarity in the scheme of gestation, and not to similarity of structure.

Lamarck vests the ancestry of man in the ourang-outang, and explains away their divergence. He declares that the ourang-outang occasionally stands erect, while the tendency of a child is to walk on all-fours; wherefore the two species exhibit an affinity of habits as well as form. The erect attitude is held to be not natural to man, but an acquirement, and the

cause of an alteration in his aspect, which has brought him to present a distinct appearance from the ourang. Bacon warns us against laying down theories, and assuming them to be facts, or allowing them to colour facts, and we may appreciate the wisdom of the admonition when we confront the theories of materialism. Here we see Life derived from a single nucleated cell—a hollow vessel, containing a granule. The process of development bursts the cell, and sets the granule free, when it also takes the form of a cell, and generates another granule. Such was the course of nature for ages. But gradually new conditions arose, and rendered the process more complex. The granule perfected itself in the cell before delivery, and even took a stride further, appearing as a group of cells, and propagating a new organism. So life climbed from the gelatinous zoophyte of the sea-shore to Man!

Laplace has invented the companion theory to account for the universe itself. Let us scan his doctrines again, and consider how they

accord with the facts. He teaches that the systems of the Heavens arose from nebulous matter, condensing on centres, and there acquiring a rotatory motion, from the obliquity of the lines of direction of opposing currents. Accessions of matter proportionately increased the motion; and occasions arose when the centrifugal force counteracted the tendency to accumulate, and threw off portions of the mass from its exterior. These detachments retained the impulse of motion in the form of rings, but their tendency was to mould themselves into masses, and they only preserved their original shape when the rings were of one consistence. They might even break up, and form subsidiary masses, each taking an orbitual motion, and hence bring into existence planets and satellites. Saturn is an example of the persistence of the rings, and Laplace considered that his premises were established by Herschell's nebulous clouds, which showed the process of formation still in progress. In fact, we were to look up to the sky, and imagine this majestical dome, fretted with

golden fire, a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. But the Laplatian theory proves as baseless as the theory of development in nimals ; for augmented telescopic power shows that the light-clouds of the Southern hemisphere are not nebulæ, but congeries of perfect stars.

The Laplatians contend that their hypothesis is unshaken, though it has lost this corroboration. The Heavens reveal no trace of the development of systems within our ken, but such operations are in progress nevertheless, and are only invisible to us from the intervening distance! It is not less certain that our system was thrown off by the sun, for all the planets move nearly in one plane, and their axial motions are all from west to east. Such motions are imposed by the law of gravitation, and regulated by relative magnitudes, and hence attest an origin in natural law.

Let us consider what facts have been discovered since Laplace laid down this theory—1st, the supposed nebulæ of the Southern hemisphere have been resolved into perfect stars—2d,

it is proved that the law of gravitation does not regulate the whole solar system, since one comet approaches the sun in a spiral, instead of an ellipse—3d, the solar system is found to include a host of small planets within the orbit of Jupiter—and 4th, a large planet has been brought to light, exterior to Uranus, the system's supposed boundary. Every ground of the theory is thus cut away. The universe exhibits no nebulous matter, which might supply material for the formation of systems. The motion of the planets is regulated by one law, but this law does not govern all the other solar bodies, so is not a quality of matter; the belt of small planets violates the law of relative magnitude; and the discovery of Neptune leaves us in doubt whether we have yet reached the farthermost planet, a doubt that will gather strength if we reflect how much greater must be the range of the comets, and that these still keep within the sun's influence. It may be that the function of such bodies is to carry the light and warmth to planets otherwise beyond

the sun's power of animation, though not of his attraction!

But the Laplatian theory is open to objections of a more palpable kind. Let us suppose that a nebulous body would spontaneously condense in the manner alleged—that it would acquire a centrifugal force—that it would throw off masses, and give them initial velocity—that these detachments would shape themselves into relative proportions, so as to balance each other, and take orbits round their source—and we have only arrived at the threshhold of the miracle. It is necessary that each body should be of a different consistence, according with its distance from the sun; otherwise it will suffer in light and heat, from excess or loss; the number of its satellites must be in the ratio of the sun's distance, and of the functions they have to perform; the planets must be enveloped by an atmosphere, or they cannot be inhabited; and the central body must be of a constitution to supply the planets with countless phenomena, essential to the sustenance of life and nature.

So it is not enough for the world to be thrown off by the sun: the world must become another material, must consist of land, rivers and seas, must be encompassed by air, must be covered with vegetation, including plants of every form and hue and class, some for food, and some for service, must be attended by a thousand ministries, and be everywhere perfect.

It is obvious that such results must be the effect of *provision;* they must spring from *design* and *forecast.* The economy of the universe is not an accident: it is a mechanism, and we see this mirrored in its smallest products as in its grandest phenomena—in the glistening dew-drop as in the flashing lightning. There is no flaw, such as would be left by self-development, but ever perfection: no miscarriage, but always efficiency. Not only do we find necessaries, but graces; inanimate Nature is clothed with beauty; and we gather from it flowers as well as fruits. Everything has a function, and is so contrived as to effect the purpose in the happiest manner.

The same intelligence pervades organic Nature. All is shapely, and all is predetermined. The diversity of life is owing neither to jumps nor development, but to FABRICATION. Tradition preserves no instance of the rise of one type into another, and the order of nature shows a tendency just the reverse, in as much as any variation of organism is towards degeneracy. Nor can a species be elevated by intermixture with a higher species, and the crossing of the horse and ass has only produced the mule, whose sterility is a proverb. Culture has matured fruits and flowers, and introduced varieties, but it cannot initiate a species. We see species of animals die out, as in the geological period—the dodo is an example, but new species do not appear, and the most favourable conditions fail to vary existing forms. Mr. Babbage computes that a millionth generation might produce apes without a tail, but no variety would arise from the tailless generation, if it really appeared; for parallel deviations prove that the offspring would revert to the

ancestral type. The point could receive no clearer demonstration than is afforded by the Siamese twins. The union of the twins is so complete as to make them one being; for they join in every act, feel all impulses in common, and even respire at the same breath. Here seem all that is requisite to impart the type of the father, and make this mould the imagination of the mother, so potent in conception; yet the children are natural births, perfect boys and girls—five by the wife of one twin, and six by the wife of the other: and Nature vindicates her stability by the strangest of her offspring.

In truth, Man is a monument of fabrication —a monument and a masterpiece, bearing both the inscription of Destiny, and the impress of Design. Fabrication is apparent in the very course of his existence. We know that life hinges on the absorption of aliment, by which the body is nourished, and its functions kept in action: but the aliment cannot be administered without our own intervention. A like condition

rules the propagation of our species, inasmuch as it results from our own act. Now the acquirement of food is difficult to the mass of mankind, and reached through labour or hardship, while there are many reasons why we should decline offspring. Hence the human race would come to an end, were our agency as free as it appears, and such functions offered no attraction but duty. But it is provided that we should be led to them by *desire*, and that their fulfilment should be a gratification. How is it the functions are not repulsory? how is it they prompt an inclination which overmasters every hindrance, whether of disposition or circumstances? Nay, how is it they exist at all, as a structure and office? By accident? Or by what is called a law?—such design, such forecast, and such providence! Then, there is no logic in facts, and philosophy is a superstition.

Fabrication appears in every part of our structure. There is nothing deficient, and nothing superfluous, but one harmony—nerves, ligatures, bloodvessels, muscles, bones, organs, and

limbs, bound by dependence of parts and unity of plan. It was this demonstration of purpose that guided Harvey to the circulation of the blood; for he saw that every arrangement of the body had an object, though the object might not be apparent, and he was unable to account for the mechanism of the blood-vessels. It seemed a blunder that the valves of many of the veins should give the blood access to the heart, while they opposed the reflow of the venal blood, but scrutiny disclosed that the object was to send the blood through the arteries, which conducted it to the limbs, and that the valves of the veins then afforded it free passage back. Thus he discovered circulation. So happily contrived is our system, and so completely does it negative spontaneous development.

The whole structure of the body reveals the hand of a perfect mechanic; its endowments bring us nearer to this Being, and present Him as a Mirror of Knowledge. Both characters are reflected in the construction of the eye. This is a miracle of mechanism, and combines the

most exquisite contrivance with delicacy of finish, beauty of form, and force of expression. It is equally remarkable for its grasp of the laws of Nature. The scope of its construction was unknown, till Sir Isaac Newton discovered the various refrangibility of light, and Mr. Dolland ascertained the different dispersive powers of different substances; and it was then found that the eye had been adapted to these phenomena: wherefore, the phenomena were known to its Maker, and here witness to His omniscience.

Man bears the impress of Creation in his very aspect. The face consists but of seven features —forehead, eyebrows, eyes, nose, cheeks, mouth, and chin; and preserves a type of race, which imposes a further limit to variation. Spontaneous generation would infallibly follow a mould, and present every face with the same lineaments. Let us consider what would result from this uniformity — what confusion and misery, what obstacles to association and every sympathy of nature! There could be no recognition, because there would be no distinctiveness;

and a man could possess neither wife nor kindred, nor institute either government or property. Hence the seven features of the face are made to assume infinite variations, extending to the nearest of kindred, and a striking resemblance is so rare as to excite wonder. To see one familiar face the exact counterpart of another does not come within the range of experience. And what could more plainly mark a Creator? or more exalt his forethought?

What Life and the Universe exhibit is coherence, not development. The atom is linked to the world, the world to the Heavens, the Heavens to the Creator, and the same harmony pervades organic life. Nature is built as a city that is at unity with itself. It does not show a gap here, and a patch there, like one of our baronial mansions, the work of different eras and discordant architects. We see that it is the production of ONE ARCHITECT, and the embodiment of one design. We range over endless diversity, but it is all blended, and exhibits the happiest contrivance, in a concord of pheno-

mena. This is not law: it is the visible might of a Supreme Being, Almighty, All-wise, All-present—Supreme, because Nature witnesses to the operation of one will and intelligence: Almighty, because the Universe has no bound: All-wise, because the mechanism of Creation is perfect; and All-present, because His providence is traceable at every point. We have thrown a gleam on the mystery of the Soul: doubtless there is a God that governs the Earth.

CHAPTER III.

SURVEY OF THE VESTIGES OF MAN, AND THEIR PRETENSIONS TO ANTIQUITY.

NOTHING is so obstructive of knowledge as a theory. Ptolemy promulgated a theory of the solar system, and philosophy made it a bondage to the human mind for fifteen centuries. It biassed every observer of the heavens, and all phenomena appeared in a false aspect, because it was imperative that they should be brought into harmony with the theory. Nature might mislead, but the theory could not err. Indeed, nothing could be plainer than that the sun moved round the earth, and that the earth was the centre of the universe, and to doubt the fact was to disbelieve one's own eyes. Materialism is equally "positive," and throws a like veil over the mind, at a moment when Nature is inviting our scrutiny. Science must be seen through the medium of one idea, and

whatever it unfolds must conform to this idea, or we must assume that such conformity does exist, only we have not come at the fact. Surely it were wiser to defer our conclusion till the facts were elicited. "Truth is established by investigation and delay," says Tacitus: "falsehood prospers by precipitancy." And precipitancy is the characteristic of Materialism, which first provides the theory, and then brings the facts to fit. The theory embodies a regular process; the universe is evolved from vapour, life advances from the development of a granule to Man; and man's reason has gradually matured from a rudiment, which was but a step above the monkey. Man must have existed through untold ages, to allow of such a result; and straws are magnified into beams to float this chronology.

Research cannot fix the date of the first appearance of Man. It takes no cognizance of the record of Moses, nor could it pursue investigation under such restraint. Inquiry and religion must be kept apart, or both will fall, and

revelation become a bar to our contemplation of the Creator. We must discard all impressions, whether of creed or theory, and come to the question free; and then research will not be unfruitful, even though the result be incomplete.

Our only aid in the interpretation of facts is experience, and this we derive from observation, or personal endurance, or acquire by experiment. Experiment teaches that configurations of Nature are varied by a routine of phenomena, but that they are also subjected to the action of other agencies, and that what might else occupy thousands of years is effected instantaneously by a volcano, earthquake, whirlwind, waterspout, avalanche, or flood. Hence it is difficult to define the origin of particular formations, where they are not produced by fire; and my engineer experience has brought me to doubt prevailing theories, and conclude that we are yet without material for a calendar of Geology.

One fact we know — that the floor of our earth rests on a series of dead worlds, which entomb the changes of millions of years. Such

is the span of Time. But what era of time beheld the first appearance of Man? Again we consult experience, and remember that Man is a progressive being—not in respect to his faculties, which are inborn, but in regard to his acquirements and achievements. This is the lesson of our own observation, and the testimony of all history—notwithstanding intervals of retrogression; for retrogression has always given the mind a new momentum in the end. Hence we may be sure that Man cannot have been long in the world before the time when we find monuments of his presence, and that we shall instantly observe traces of his advancement—at first slight, but quickly extending, and then showing themselves in cities and temples. Two thousand years would serve to acquaint him with the metals, and he would immediately become a mechanic, builder, sculptor, merchant, engineer, and conqueror.

Some races are slower at discovery than others, and the primitive ages carried men into new regions, where the metals either did not

exist, or escaped observation, and the settlers lost the tradition of their use. A substitute was found in flint; and Man employed his prentis' han' to mould this material into knives, axes, saws, hammers, arrow-heads, and lance-heads—a stubborn task, and resulting in products which seem almost abortions in their primitive type. But art grew; practice imparted a finer touch; forms showed nobler lines; and the works of the later Stone Age present a finish that excites our admiration.

Flint hatchets have been extracted from the drift, both in France and England. The drift is a geological bed, formed of gravel, and containing the remains of extinct species. Sir Charles Lyell computes the age of the upper drift of the valley of the Somme at 100,000 years.[1] But his reasons for such a conclusion are more ingenious than convincing, and other eminent geologists take a different view, assigning the deposits a comparatively modern date. Foremost of the dissentients is M. Boucher de

[1] Lyell's Antiquity of Man.

Perthes, who first drew attention to the bed, and discovered the first hatchet; and he considers the gravel to have been laid down by a cataclysm, and to be not of a higher antiquity than 11,000 years. Such wide deviation from the conjecture of Sir C. Lyell shows the illusiveness of such computations and the more as there is the same conflict as to the character of the drift—some contending that the upper and lower beds are distinct series, divided by immeasurable ages, while others maintain that they are one and the same deposit. The truth is, that we know not what conditions contributed to their formation, and we gain but conjectural data in the depositions of historic times; for the Earth has now assumed a different configuration, and is subject to climatic influences of a different character. What such influences accomplish may be inferred from the recent typhoon in India, where a few moments served to devastate regions, and destroyed 12,000 lives, carrying a wave of the sea over the city of Masulipatam, and swamping numerous villages. I have

made several visits to the valley of the Somme, and convinced myself that its configuration was due to a deluge, before I knew the opinion of M. Boucher de Perthe, nor can some of its features be explained by any other hypothesis. I allude to the general width of the valley, the position of the strata, and the shallowness and feebleness of the Somme, which presents just the character that Sir Roderick Murchison declares to be wholly inadequate to the work it is supposed to have compassed. Moreover, most geologists allow that the remains of some extinct species have been washed into its drift from older strata, and this necessitates an inundation; for what less force could break up the floor of a previous epoch, and imbed its fossils in a new formation?

The English drift is in different positions from that of the Somme, but must be ascribed to the same agency, whatever this may have been; for its weapons are discovered in the same proximity to the bones of extinct animals. The British Museum contains a flint spear-head, which was found with elephant's teeth in 1715, and then thought to be a weapon of the ancient

Britons, nor can it safely be assigned to an earlier date. The association with extinct remains is repeated in subsequent discoveries, and these all occur in the gravel, and present a strong likeness to the flints of the Somme.

The next oldest trace of man arrests us in Egypt, and takes the form such ground was likely to yield—fragments of pottery. We stand in the borders of primeval civilization, and recover their first imprint. The pitcher of some unlucky handmaid has given a landmark to her epoch, and shows us that the Egypt of that day lay thirty-nine feet lower than its present level. The rate of the Nile deposit is computed to be $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in a century, which demands 13,000 years for the accumulation of the difference, and this seems to declare both that man was in existence at that date, and had made progress in the arts. But we shall see that the rate of deposit really affords no ground for such an estimate of time. The pottery was dug up close to the colossal statue of Rameses II. at Memphis, and Rameses is believed to have reigned as early as 1390 B.C., or 3250

years ago. Mr. Horner judges the surface to have risen about nine and a half feet in that time, leaving thirty feet to be accounted for, and he considers so many centuries to have admitted no variation of deposit. But the Father of History gives us different testimony, in a passage strangely overlooked, and which refutes the computation: "The priests told me this also as a great proof of what they related concerning this country, that in the reign of Mœris, when the river rose at most eight cubits, it irrigated all Egypt below Memphis, and yet Mœris had not been nine hundred years dead when I received this information. But now, unless the river rises sixteen cubits, or fifteen at least, it does not overflow the country."[1] This statement deprives the buried pottery of all significance; for the rate of deposit is here placed at about twelve feet in eight hundred years, and the layer of thirty-six feet would thus accumulate in two thousand four hundred years—a reduction of eleven thousand from the chronology of the antiquaries.

[1] Herod. ii. 13.

The third notch in the calendar of antiquity is marked by the Swiss lake dwellings. Here Herodotus is again our cicerone, and shows us the structure of similar abodes, though in a different part of the world. He relates that pile huts afforded habitations to the Pæonians, who lived on Lake Prasias; and he adds, "they were contrived after this manner—planks fitted on lofty piles are placed in the middle of the lake, with a narrow entrance from the mainland by a single bridge."[1] Lake dwellings were constructed in Ireland as late as the reign of Elizabeth, and afforded fastnesses to O'Neil, the rebel chieftain. Those of the Swiss lakes are of two kinds—the *craunoge*, or Irish type, in which the ground has been heaped up round the piles; and the *rammed*, in which the piles have been driven into the ground. The piles of some of the latter have penetrated to a depth of ten feet, and must have risen to a height of fifteen above, or they would not have cleared the present level of shallow water at some points.

[1] Herod. v. 14.

Occasionally they are encrusted by peat, and relics are found in layers of peat and in peat bogs, but there is nothing to show whether this accumulated since, nor are there any means of estimating the rate at which peat grows. The Irish bogs have rendered up stone weapons in conjunction with Roman coins, and the wrecks of the Swiss lake dwellings are littered with bronze weapons, which are seen through the transparent water, and look as fresh as works of yesterday. The weapons of other villages are all of stone, and exhibit the manufacture in its roughest stage, sometimes limited to the primeval axe. But the material of many of these axes is flint, which must have been brought from France, so that communities had already established an intercourse of traffic. Indeed, some of the Stone Age dwellings present vestiges alien to that era, and which negative a high antiquity. These relics include stone corn-crushers, showing acquaintance with agriculture, specimens of pottery, and earthenware spindle whorls, indicating a knowledge of weaving. The very products

of the spindle remain, and the lake settlements of Wangen and Robenhausen show us tissues of flax, which clothed the forms of primeval beauties.

M. Morlot has estimated the age of the lake dwellings from a cone of gravel and alluvium, deposited by the torrent of Tinière at its fall into the Lake of Geneva. His calculation is based on three successive layers of vegetable soil, embraced by the cone, and gives an antiquity of six thousand four hundred years to the Stone Age, and three thousand eight hundred years to the Bronze Age. Professor Giliéron deduces the age of the Pont de Thièle lake dwellings from the gain of the land on the water, and he fixes the bound of the later Stone Age at six thousand seven hundred and fifty years ago. I have been led to a much lower estimate, both from what I have seen elsewhere, and from my own observation of the Pont de Thièle, and other Swiss streams, which betrays the operation of a difference of force at different periods, and proves that we are not to look for regularity of

deposit through thousands of years. Indeed, there are rises of level in spots where there seem to be no depositing forces. The level of London is twenty feet higher than in the Roman period, and modern Rome presents a greater difference, for I found part of the Via Sacra forty feet above the level of the Cæsarian era. The whole depth of the Tinière cone is thirty-five feet, and the layers of vegetable soil are divided by intervals of ten and nineteen feet, the first occurring four feet from the surface. Here the explorers discovered a Roman coin, and this affords the first date, but the coin may have found its way to Switzerland long after its mintage, and been there ages before it was washed down by the torrent. Its presence in a deposit has not the significance attaching to one recovered from a tomb or dwelling, and may rather mislead than guide. Nor does the structure of the cone furnish more reliable testimony; for its constituents must have been laid down by great variations of force, and one portion includes large blocks, which could only have been transported

by a catastrophe, perhaps an avalanche or a flood. We may understand the difficulty of pronouncing what conditions produced remote effects, when the bottom of the lake shows us clean bronze implements, lying near implements coated with lime, but which are acknowledged to be of the same age. An avalanche would account for the whole interval between one layer of the cone and another, and seems the most likely agent to have overlaid the vegetable soil, and borne it on with its own mass. And the relics of the lake dwellings forbid our assigning them a high antiquity. The animal remains of the Stone Age include bones of the sheep, dog, and horse, proving these brutes had become domesticated; the manufactures embraced weaving, nor has the lapse of time destroyed its frail tissue; man had learnt the art of pottery; and the oldest settlements have yielded carbonised wheat, and even carbonised apples, pears, and bread! The later dwellings present iron implements and Roman pottery. And we are to suppose that these two periods are divided by

upwards of four thousand years, and that the Swiss continued to build such habitations through so many ages!

I witnessed the formation of a similar heap to the Tinière cone, while engaged on the construction of the Brent embankment, on the Great Western Railway. The embankment ranged from a height of twenty to sixty feet, and had just been completed, when I observed cracks in the adjacent ground, and found that the highest part of the embankment had sunk, pushing out its clay base, and thus dislodging portions of its slope, but laying them so smoothly, that it seemed the work of man—some of the masses overlying each other, and yet retaining their coating of mould. This is the precise structure of the Tinière cone; and I cannot but refer the cone to a corresponding origin, the pressure of a slipping weight—in short, the action of the avalanche. Nothing else would account for its peculiar formation, and here a moment would effect the work ascribed to thousands of years.

It is in the Swiss pile dwellings that we first meet with human remains; those of the Stone Age having yielded children's bones, while the dwellings of the Bronze Era give us six skeletons. But the cemeteries of ancient man may be said to begin with the Cave Epoch. The hollows of cliffs both afforded man a sepulchre, and showed him how to excavate a dwelling, and these recesses are now memorials of his existence. The writing is hard to read, and its purport is vague, but it bears man's impress. Some of the French caves have rendered up the bones of reindeer, said to be marked by knives, or to have been split for marrow, and which are associated with elephant's molars—indicating that man was cotemporary with the elephant in Europe. A Belgian cave even links him with the mammoth, presenting mammoth remains in conjunction with flint flakes, while an adjacent cave furnishes human bones. Flint weapons have also been recovered from a cave at Torquay, in the same bed with bones of the elephant and rhinoceros, and one floor of stalag-

nite formed the common gravestone. Teeth of the rhinoceros have been found with flukes in Brixham cave, and here a fluke lay close to a hind leg of a cave-bear, with the limb in a state which is thought to present evidence of having been buried while it retained its ligaments. This is considered a proof that man and the cave-bear were contemporaries.

The mere burial of a fresh limb is not sufficient warrant for such a conclusion; for the remains of food are thus disposed of by animals when sated, and the habit may even be noted in the dog. The point is important because the cave bear is believed to have early disappeared from central Europe. It took the same range as the reindeer, and the bones of both strew the drift of the Somme valley, but the cave-bear appears alone in the Swiss pile dwellings. Hence the reindeer is considered to have receded northwards at a remoter date, and we know that it demands a rigorous climate, so that a more temperate region than Norway would be unsuited to its present habits. But

do we make allöwance for the influence exercised on climate by forests? Americans have assured me that the clearing of forests has greatly mollified the climate of America, even within memory, and we must remember that Europe was equally overgrown with wood three thousand years ago, and certainly then possessed a colder temperature. And the reindeer has fled northward for solitude as well as cold; for it is mentioned by Cæsar, who describes it as a denizen of the Hyrcanian forest; wherefore its absence from the Swiss remains may be regarded as another objection to their antiquity.

The great "find" of the Cave Epoch is two skulls—one discovered in a cave near Liége, the other in a cave near Dusseldorf. The Belgian skull presents nothing to distinguish it from the average Caucasian type, and might have belonged to Yorick, or to a fellow who was in's time a great buyer of land. The Dusseldorf skull is of a different mould, showing characteristics of a rudimentary order, and is the most abortive form of the human cranium yet

brought to light. Professor Huxley rejects the suggestion that it pertained to an idiot, and his decision seems warranted by its capacity, which affords room for a brain of the Hottentot average, but this does not settle its character, and Professor Busk considers there is nothing to determine whether the peculiar conformation is typical or personal. Might it not be due to artificial means, such as are practised by savages to the present time? The leading points of the Dusseldorf skull are its vertical depression and sloping occiput, and both these effects were produced by the American Indians, in their processes for moulding the skull. Thus the Peruvians depressed the forehead, and sloped it backwards, giving an unnatural development to the occiput, while the Indians of Vancouver's Island forced the head to take the form of a cone. The results were achieved by bandages in the one case, and by a circlet of deer-skin in the other, and the plastic head of an infant took the shape as from Nature. It is possible that similar usages prevailed in primitive Europe:

at any rate, such an explanation of the Dusseldorf skull is more credible than its derivation from progressive development?

Nor does the association of the skulls and flints with extinct remains prove them to be of the same antiquity, though they may have been finally deposited at the same time. Any cave-explorer knows that caves are treacherous on this point, and deceive the very elect; for their frequent inundation has effaced all means of chronological deduction. A flowing body seeks the lowest depth, and caves have thus formed tunnels for rivers, which have borne into them the wreckage of different epochs, and been unable to carry this further, the weight of the material sinking it below the outfall. Hence remains of different ages are found together, in a bed of the same derivation, and we are brought to imagine them co-existent. Drift is deposited in the same manner. The diversion of a body of water propels with it a mass of earth, scooped from its new bed, and this naturally rolls into the first hollow; so drift

is usually found in patches. I observed that a torrent had brought down a mass from the face of Table Mountain in this way. Some displacement drove it from its ancient channel, which is still apparent, and tore out a new one, and dashed the material to the bottom, where the tumbling water ranged earth and stone in a gentle slope.

The scantiness of human remains show that we have unearthed neither the graves nor the dwellings of the cave-dwellers; wherefore it is all but certain that our "finds" are the deposit of casualty borne in by wash. A peasant discovered a burial cave in the south of France, and a search there brought to light seventeen skeletons; but these were instantly removed, and reinterred in a cemetery; nor was it till some years afterwards that the cave underwent a scientific examination. Hence there is no information as to the position of the skeletons, in relation to the products of the later search, and which included remains of the mammoth, rhinoceros, cave-bear, cave-lion, and Irish elk, while bones

of the rein-deer were found outside, and marks of a fire. Stress is laid on the circumstance of the rein-deer bones being split for the marrow, and scratched with knives, but I have shown that this animal was a denizen of Western Europe later than is supposed, and the condition of the bones rather negatives their being of the same antiquity as those within the cave, where only some bones of the rhinoceros are marked by knives, or thought to be—for the marks are acknowledged to be doubtful. Inland caves are not so likely to afford early traces of man as coast caves, such as those of Cornwall and the Channel Islands, and St. Michael's Cave at Gibraltar, which last has all the appearance of having been used as a dwelling, and I observed a similar character about a cave near the Boschetto, on the coast of Malta. The situation of coast caves suggests the possibility of their having served for fortresses, or out posts, and seems to intimate an apprehension of attack from the sea, showing that man was a mariner at the time of their occupation. Indeed, inland

caves were also places of refuge, and we find the Hebrews dwelling in caves to escape the oppression of the Midianites.[1] Lately the Kabyles sought the like recesses as a last retreat from the French soldiers.

Man was attracted to the coast by its supply of fish, and drifting trees suggested a means of flotation, when food was sought on the waves, as well as in the forest. The Danish "kitchen mounds" furnish vestiges of such a population. The mounds environ the coast, and are composed of remains of shell-fish and bones of animals, the latter bearing marks of flint knives, and these rude implements have been recovered, while further researches have unearthed slabs of stone, charred with fire, and supposed to be primeval hearths. It is thus clear that the mounds were the refuse-heaps of families living on the spot, and subsisting partly by the chase, and partly by fishing. All doubt of their origin is removed by a passage in Cook's Voyages,[2] describing such heaps in course of accumulation round the settlements of Australians. Those of Denmark

[1] Judges iv. 2. [2] Cook's First Voyage.

vary in depth from three to ten feet, with a breadth sometimes reaching two hundred feet, and a length of as many yards. The relics of shell-fish include the oyster, of which Danish waters are now almost bereft, and three other species larger than their present representatives in that region. Hence they are considered to mark a great lapse of time, and here we may again see what frail ground is used for chronology. A recent visit to the Channel Islands has enabled me to ascertain that a few years may extirpate the oyster in its favourite haunts. The Jersey oyster-fishery employed five hundred boats six years ago, and supplied spat for half the beds in England, while it now requires but two boats, and these often return empty. The last four years have seriously diminished the yield of the Thames beds, and the result can be traced to no cause, unless it be the coldness of the summers.[1] Decrease of size is as fallacious a guage of time as decrease of numbers. This is proved by the

[1] I am indebted for some valuable facts respecting the Thames beds to my friend Mr. King, of Southend.

Thames oyster, which is now among the smallest, but afforded our grandfathers a good mouthful, and I possess one six inches round.

It is remarkable that the mound-remains of mammalia present no bones of the rein-deer, the absence of which is considered such an evidence of antiquity in the Swiss lake-dwellings, and the default supports the opinion I have ventured to express in that case, namely, that we are not to attribute the rein-deer's absence to an amelioration of climate, but to the approaches of man, and that it fled Northward for solitude, as much as cold. Rein-deer still linger in Norway, and the temperature there is not lower than prevailed in Denmark, when it was overgrown with forest: so we may conclude that a part of Denmark had now been cleared, and that the rein-deer took fright at the appearance of a swarm of hunters, and retreated to safer haunts.

The kitchen mounds have yielded no agricultural implements, nor do the relics include any species of grain, but the coast settlers may have been contemporary with an advanced population

in the interior. Such a conclusion is suggested by the presence of fragments of pottery, which mark a degree of civilization, and contrast with the primitive implements, which are of flint, and of the coarsest workmanship. On the other hand, it is contended that the mounds must be of remote date, because there are indications that the Danish forests were then composed of pines, and these have been succeeded by a growth of oaks, which have since made way for beeches. Here are three different growths, and the time required for such transmutations is computed by thousands of years. Materialism thinks no more of a surplus of a few thousand years than a Chancellor of the Exchequer of a similar surplus of pounds, and assigns such periods on the smallest provocation. Certainly the case forbids an exact estimate, but some data for a calculation is furnished by the American President Harrison, and we may consider that he was not disposed to understate the facts. The President observes that clearings are a long time reverting to natural forest. "The rich lands of the west

are, indeed, soon covered again," he says, "but the *character of the growth is entirely different.* Clearings were made in the first settlement of the country, and subsequently suffered to grow up. Some of these new forests are now sure of fifty years' growth, but they have made so little progress towards attaining the appearance of the contiguous forest, as to induce any man of reflection to determine that at least ten times fifty years must elapse before their complete assimilation can be effected."[1] Denmark was now in the situation of the lands of Ohio; it was being cleared and settled, and we see that the American farmer allows each overgrowth five hundred years under such conditions. Three successive growths would consume fifteen hundred years. But the pines of Denmark were already in existence, and the beeches remain, and may even have been partly contemporaneous with the oaks; so that we obtain two reduced periods and one whole; and thus arrive at a lapse of one thousand years, or the date of A.D. 800.

[1] Quoted in Squier's Mississippi.

The kitchen mounds form but a portion of the aboriginal remains of Denmark: the country is studded with tumuli, which mark the burial places of chiefs and of their treasures also—their weapons and ornaments of stone and bronze. These respectively indicate the Stone and Bronze Periods, and exhibit workmanship of a finished character; whence some consider them of a later age than the kitchen mounds, and themselves widely divided, while others range all the remains in one and the same era. It seems clear that the Danes of the Stone Age were acquainted with agriculture, and possessed both horses and kine; nor can the absence of bronze be held to prove it unknown, since it has even been found in the kitchen mounds.

Our proximity to the Bronze Age is established by the contents of some of the tumuli; for the modernism of these relics is attested both by their design and material—the latter being sometimes of a character too frail for a primeval date. A Jutland tumulus was occupied by

three coffins, one of which contained woollen clothing, enwrapping the remains. The corpse had been provided with a woollen cap, and this retained the form of the brain, and even some black hair, and the coffin preserved remnants of boots, showing that these ancients understood the virtue of leather. The coffin also enclosed a small box, containing a second cap and the dead man's bronze razor and comb: and the corpse was overwrapped with a mantle of ox-hide. The second coffin yielded several bronze implements and ornaments, a tin button, and a javelin-head of flint, proving that stone and bronze were used at the same time, so do not mark distinct ages.

Stone and bronze are also associated in the tumuli of the ancient Britons, and even iron has been found with stone, as at Middleton Moor, where a barrow yielded two skeletons, a circular weapon of flint, and an iron arrow-head—at Moot Low, where six rude stone instruments were conjoined with a bronze box and iron knives—and at other barrows of Derby-

shire.[1] Only one of these sepulchres contained pottery, while pottery appeared in all the barrows with weapons and ornaments confined to stone and bone, and which would be designated much more ancient. Such confusion is significant, and should warn us against generalizations from slender premises.

Columbus found the weapons of the West India islands composed of bone and flint, though the natives of the mainland used metal as well as stone. Here is a recurrence of the co-existence of the supposed two ages in another hemisphere. The arms of the islanders were confined to lances, with the ends hardened by fire, or pointed with a flint, or the teeth or bone of a fish. Nothing was known of iron, and the Caribs were so unconscious of its properties that they seized a drawn sword by its edge.[2] The Central Americans had reached an age of bronze; more southerly tribes tipped their arrows with iron, and the weapon material of

[1] Bateman's Vestiges of Derbyshire.

[2] Irving's Life and Voyages of Columbus.

the North Americans was pure copper, the only instance of its use. The position of a series of ancient copper trenches is adduced as evidence of the remote occupation of the country. These excavations stretch round a part of the shore of Lake Superior, and lie beneath accumulations of soil and fallen trees, the heaps of centuries—some declare, tens of centuries. But there is the usual uncertainty in the data for estimating the deposit. Thus Mr. Whittesley mentions that the soil of the deserted works is growing trees of three hundred years, while the same spot covers the decayed trunks of trees of "a preceding generation, *or generations*"— as if the word meant no more in the plural than in the singular. Such facts as are specified give the impression that the accumulation could not have occupied more than a thousand years, but we may double this period, and yet not assign the trenches a great antiquity. At the same time, it is inconceivable that the natives could have been two thousand years in possession of copper, and remain ignorant of bronze, *particu-*

larly as the trenches are strewn with traces of fire! Are not the two incidents incompatible, and suggestive of a process of excavation different from what is assumed. It seems reasonable to suppose that the works were formed by mining, not digging, and that the ground above fell in. Around lies the earth thrown out by the miners, and Mr. Knapp found one of these heaps crowned by a tree, which he ascertained to be nearly four hundred years old. Is it not here we should look for the calendar of the mines, rather than in their *débris*, and does not the tree notch their age? This is more reconcilable with ignorance of bronze, as it would show the mines to have been excavated only about a century and a half before the arrival of the Europeans.

The Materialists of America instance other signs of Indian antiquity. A Dr. Kock describes the remains of a mastodon, which he unearthed in Missouri, and which he conceives to have been destroyed by Indians, part of the body having been consumed by fire, while the

bones were stuck with fragments of rock, suggesting the notion that the animal had been stoned to death. The bed was strewn with flint weapons, and the doctor found the same traces of man with the skeleton of another mastodon, which he was so fortunate as to disinter. But geologists are not satisfied with this testimony, and express the same doubt about some human bones, alleged to have been discovered in America. Indeed, America not only yields fewer traces of early settlement than Europe, but they are even more unreliable.

This survey of the vestiges of both continents is unfavourable to the hypothesis of a high antiquity for Man. We might be persuaded by the Missouri mastodon and the American human remains, but these our eminent geologists put out of court: suspicion would be raised by the drift of the Somme valley, but we find disagreement both as to its source, and the mode of deposit of its various relics, and we have a right to believe that flints may have sunk down from above, when it is acknowledged that

bones have been washed up from lower beds. We see that the vaunted antiquity of the deposits of the Nile is refuted by Herodotus, and there seems no ground for ascribing a remote date to either the cave remains or the Swiss pile-dwellings. The Danish kitchen-mounds come even nearer, and are almost modern, while the date of peat relics must be left to conjecture, as they were often purposely buried, and we are without means of ascertaining the rate of growth of peat under conditions no longer existing.

Materialists land in the primeval world in a spirit akin to that which animated Columbus in the new. The great navigator had provided himself with a Marco Polo map, and saw everything through this medium, nor could he perceive how it was contradicted by his discoveries. "He was under a spell of the imagination," says his biographer, "and it gave its own shapes and colours to every object."[1] Hence each

[1] Irving's Life of Columbus.

place he reached became the rich island of Cipango, or the territory of the Grand Khan; and he saw masters of untold treasure in the natives, because they wore some paltry ornaments. We are all now under a similar influence. We have our theory—our Marco Polo map, and fancy every deposit a primeval Cipango, while a scrap of flint attests the presence of Man fifty thousand years ago. The flint is of an appearance that signifies nothing, and shows form only to an adept, who traces an obscure outline, and exclaims "here is design, the work of man!" And the same adept scans the firmament, with its marvellous architecture, the earth, in its wondrous aspects and phenomena, and his own inner self, and sees *no* design! Let us remember that we are tracking our ancestry on strange ground, and amidst memorials we cannot decypher, and which rather confound than guide. Only time will thread the labyrinth. The primeval world will be explored and take shape; the Marco Polo map will be thrown away; man will learn to

read the depths of our planet as he reads the Heavens: and then shall we

> "See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
> All matter quick, and bursting into birth,
> Above, how high progressive life may go!
> Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
> Vast chain of Being, which from God began,
> Nature's ethereal, human, angel, man,
> Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
> No glass can reach, from Infinite to thee—
> From thee to nothing!"

It is a mistake to suppose that the doctrine of Man's antiquity is opposed to the statements of Scripture. I trust to be able to show that it confirms those statements, and that Moses records the creation of Man before the appearance of Adam. Adam dates a change in man's nature, not his creation. But we cannot say that we have discovered one relic of this antiquity; for our most significant "finds" are associated with the flow of water, and transport obliterates date, leaving us without means of identification.

CHAPTER IV.

MAN IN ANCIENT RECORDS.

OUR search for the origin of Man now leads us to his own records. Here we may expect to find something tangible—at least the earliest impressions of our race, as handed down by tradition, and reporting what was believed by primitive men. The remembrance of a Beginning would be graven deep, and interest the rudest society, so that it would come to form an element of religion, and leaven generation on generation. Nor could Time have been old when Man began to chronicle. Man wanders, but he also settles; he builds a habitation for himself, but he also herds with his fellows; and the first city was the foundation-stone of History. We cannot hope to unearth this old-

world Pompeii. It has disappeared from sight, as a foundation must, and its place could nowhere be found. And we can only reach its lore through the generations to which this descended, and which received it by word of mouth—

> "Say it were not registered;
> Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
> As 't were entailed to all posterity."

Memory will preserve the main facts, though it lose the particulars, and thus we receive the chain of events. Such is the conclusion of the poet, and our own expectation. But the results of investigation are not accordant. In vain do we look to early records for light: their tablets are as hard to fathom as those of the Earth, and their intimations as perplexing. We find that tradition was not the Mother of History, as we supposed, but simply her nurse, and often recites only nursery tales.

Nor should we marvel that the story of descent is lost by a primitive community. The interest of such a society is in the Present, not

the Past; and it feels little curiosity about its pedigree: hence the first records treated of contemporary events. The incident of the first appearance of the human race left no more impression than a nine days' wonder, but inscriptions commemorated the feat of yesterday, and exalted its hero. And a great man's memory outlived himself more than half a century in those days. The world remembered his name, when it had forgotten his precise exploits, or turned them into fables, and thus we have Nimrod in Holy Writ, and Hercules in the heathen mythology—names which I cannot but think denote the same person. A like characteristic is discernible in the wild races of historic times in Europe, and we see instances of its prevalence in Thor and Wodin in the North, in the Cid of Spain, and our own King Arthur. But time developed another feeling, which gave the past more importance; for growing nations became ambitious to prove they were of honourable extraction, and priests desired to explain the origin of the world: whence scribes gathered

up all that was extant on these points, and now based history on tradition.

It was in this manner the Egyptians sought to prove they were the most ancient of mankind,[1] and their records show the notion entertained by the first of enlightened nations of the time man had existed. The priests told Herodotus that the first King bore the name of Menes, and that he had had three hundred and forty-two successors up to that time[2] (B.C. 450), a period which Herodotus computes at eleven thousand three hundred and forty years. They also took him into a building, which contained the statues of three hundred and forty-five high priests, and declared that these represented a succession of father and son, and that the line had never deviated from this degree. It is impossible to believe in a filial descent of such duration, and the statement discredits their whole story. Nor is this free from other flaws; for they assigned an antiquity of upwards of seventeen thousand years to the

[1] Herodotus ii. 2. [2] Ibid. ii. 99.

deification of Hercules, whereas the Phenician priests allowed but two thousand three hundred years,[1] and the Greeks only eight hundred.[2] The Greeks probably adopted Hercules from the Egyptians: so we may take the Phenician reckoning as the most authoritative; and we then arrive at the date of 2750 B.C., or only two hundred and twenty years higher than the era of Nimrod, in the chronology of Hales. It is true, nations were equally at variance as to the hero's parentage, whence it has been thought that the name of Hercules was borne by several persons, but such a conjecture is refuted by the identity of the character—and who mirrors this like "the mighty hunter before the Lord?" The Egyptians were of Arabic origin; and we may suppose they brought their traditions from the plains of Babylon, which were ruled by Nimrod in the generation prior to their first King Menes. Samson did not appear till fifteen centuries later, or 1222 B.C.,

[1] Herodotus ii. 43. [2] Ibid. ii. 146.

but some of his exploits seem to have devolved on the Hercules of the Greeks.

The Egyptian priests informed Herodotus that the period since the foundation of their monarchy had witnessed the most extraordinary derangements of nature—the sun having risen four times out of its usual quarter, and "twice risen where it now sets, and twice set where it now rises.[1]" Such was the construction a rude age put on some phenomenon, which modern science cannot explain, but the report of which is neither to be considered groundless, nor an evidence of a great lapse of time. May not the two last occasions of its recurrence be the incidents mentioned in the historical books of Holy Writ?—Joshua, x. 13, where the sun and moon are said to have stood still;—and 2 Kings, xx. 11, where the sun's shadow went "ten degrees backward on the dial of Ahaz." These phenomena seem to have been of partial extent; for the one in the reign of Hezekiah was invisible at Babylon, and the Chaldean as-

[1] Herod. ii. 142.

tronomers sent "to inquire of the wonder that was done in the land.[1]" Pliny mentions solar appearances equally remarkable, and which also seem to have been local. He states that "the sun remained dim for almost a whole year when Cæsar the dictator was slain, and during the war against Antony. And, again, many suns have been seen at the same time. Three are said to have been seen once at noon in the Bosphorus, and to have continued from morning until sunset. Our ancestors have frequently seen three suns at the same time. Three moons have also been seen, as was the case in the consulship of Cn. Domitius and C. Fannius; they have generally been called nocturnal suns.[2]" We thus see that the recurrence of such phenomena cannot furnish a guage of time, and so lends no support to the Egyptian chronology, which is contradicted by other facts; and we seem to reach its true root in the date of the oldest ruin, which Champollion con-

[1] 2 Chronicles xxxii. 31.
[2] Pliny's Nat. Hist. ii. 30, 31, 32.

siders to belong to the age of Abraham. Nothing is proved by the number of the dynasties; for Sir Gardner Wilkinson represents some of these as contemporaneous, and places Menes at only "between 2000 and 3000 years before our era," though he considers the Egyptians "at first had a hierarchical form of government, which lasted a long time[1]" This is vague, but we may take "a long time" as signifying centuries, and it will hardly exceed the reckoning of Hales. The period was shorter in reality; for the Egyptians numbered but three hundred and forty-five high priests to the time of Herodotus,[2] and claimed to have had three hundred and forty-two Kings,[3] so that the hierarchy is here allowed only a priority of three generations, or one century—"a long time," but which dates the foundation of Egypt no further back than 2245 B.C. by the tables of Usher, and brings it within the period of 2412 B.C., allowed by Hales.

[1] Ancient Egyptians. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. ii. 99.

The Egyptians could not have claimed a high antiquity in the time of Moses, or the lawgiver would hardly have left it unnoted; for he must have felt that the fiction had infected the Hebrews, and required to be contradicted. He was himself a naturalised Egyptian; his name was Egyptian—Pharaoh's daughter "called his name Moses; and she said, Because I drew him out of the water[1]"—and he became so assimilated with his protectors that he was regarded as an Egyptian by the daughters of Jethro. And they said, "An Egyptian delivered us out of the hand of the shepherds.[2]" He received an Egyptian education, and was initiated in the mysteries of the priests and magicians, so that he became "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in word and in deeds[3]—a phrase which implies that he had become eminent, and Josephus reports that he had distinguished himself as a general.[4] It was not till his fortieth year that

[1] Exodus ii. 10. [2] Ibid. 10.
[3] Acts vii. 22. [4] Antiquities of the Jews.

he visited Goshen, and mingled with the Hebrews, and he does not appear to have then come in communication with his family, probably because his entanglement in a quarrel necessitated his instant flight. Hence he arrived in Midian an idolater, and entered the household of a heathen priest—for such was then Jethro, or Moses would have heard of the true God. This knowledge he acquired neither from the lips of Jethro nor the wisdom of the Egyptians, but from God himself. "Behold when I come unto the children of Israel, and shall say unto them, The God of your fathers sent me unto you, and they shall say to me What is his name? what shall I say unto them?"[1] The name was known to the Hebrews: many yet living had conversed with Joseph, who "saw Ephraim's children of the third generation,"[2] and the father of Moses was only the third generation from Levi.[3] Joseph's last words enjoined a remembrance of God—

[1] Exod. iii. 13. [2] Genesis l. 23. [3] Exodus vi. 16, 20.

"And Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel saying God will surely visit you, and you shall carry up my bones from hence."[1] So we find that the Hebrew midwives "feared God,"[2] and the people's "cry came up unto God,[3]" proving that they retained the faith of their fathers.

Their faith was traditional: it had not been written down, but came from father to son, and this oral history Moses recorded in 'Genesis.' Needs not here to enquire whether the narrative was inspired: it possesses sufficient authority in embodying the oldest traditions of the human race, and must be regarded as the register of man's birth. What we have to learn is whether it is correctly dated. Moses knew the chronology of the Egyptians: would he not have seen there was a flaw in that of the Hebrews, when he possessed such a means of comparison, and found they differed so widely? The inference is, that the Hebrew chronology was the

[1] Genesis l. 25. [2] Exodus i. 17. [3] Exodus ii. 23.; Numbers xxxvi.

one generally current, or he would have felt the necessity of certifying its accuracy when he stated it so precisely.

The Egyptian chronology is supposed to derive support from an early sculpture, representing a negro; for it is contended that the negro features could only have been developed after a long succession of ages. But the oldest Egyptian monument will allow an interval of seven or eight centuries to the Mosaic chronology, and we have no data for estimating the effect of climate on Man when his frame was new, and may be considered to have been more open to change. At any rate, we are not to make such phenomena a measure of man's antiquity, if other facts mark a period when he did not exist: wherefore, I shall leave this point for the present, and pursue man's traces in the primitive world. The subject of variation of race will be considered in the next chapter.

Moses is said to have collected the materials for Genesis in Midian, but the Midianites were idolaters, and could not have possessed such

traditions. Indeed, the narrative bears its Hebrew origin on its face—at least from the time of Abraham, and how could Joseph's descendants have forgotten his history in the third generation, which he lived to see, and which remembered that the son of Manasseh was "brought up upon Joseph's knees."[1] The Egyptians were the scholars of antiquity: it is from them Moses would have borrowed, had he amplified the traditions of the Hebrews, and not from the rude pastoral tribes of Midian. But the tenor of his narrative refutes such a presumption. True, there are resemblances to other traditions, but not to those of one primitive nation more than another, and the character of the record is distinct. The event is never disguised by a myth, except in the case of the creation of Eve and the Fall—incidents too remote to escape such an incrustation. The same account of Eve's creation seems to have reached the Egyptians, as their hieroglyph for a woman was a rib. Perhaps, one of their myths

[1] Genesis, l. 23.

embalms a remembrance of the Ark; for this may be typified by Osiris's coffin, which Typhon threw into the Nile, and drove out to sea. Various nations corroborate Moses on other points. Ritter mentions a vestige of the history of Cain among the Ishudes, but it has suffered in transmission, inasmuch as it represents the elder brother as the victim, and the younger as the aggressor. It coincides with Moses in making the elder take refuge in the East,[1] and we must consider the variations as showing that there are two sides to a story, and that the Ishudes adopted Cain's. The Chinese follow the Egyptian mode of testimony, confirming Moses by an hieroglyph, and they signify dispersion by a tower, which is an evident allusion to Babel. The Chinese symbols belong to their first epoch, and this was six centuries before our era: wherefore, there can be no doubt of their antiquity, nor of their figuring events, as well as principles. One of the sacred books of the Chinese mentions the fall of the dragon, and

[1] Ritter's Geography, i.

the words are the same as the Scriptures apply to Lucifer, and nearly identical with those used in the Persian records of Abiram :[1] so here is a common tradition through the East. The Hindoos record the existence of the primitive Patriarchs, but make their number seven, instead of eight, a variation from Moses that is better than accord, as it indicates a collateral tradition. They also link the rainbow with the Deluge, representing it as the emblem displayed by the sun-god, when he has vanquished the water-giants.

The Mosaic account of the antediluvian world seems to be mirrored in the Golden and Brazen Ages of the Greek Sagas, and we catch the same outlines in the Sagas of India.[2] Each has its hostile races, its giants, and its age of violence, and there is the same struggle between good and evil. Moses mentions a union of "the sons of God," with "the daughters of men,"[3] terms which are thought to indicate descendants of

[1] Schlegel's Philosophy of History. [2] Ibid.
[3] Genesis vi. 1.

Seth on the one hand, and of Cain on the other; but this interpretation does not clear up the mystery; for we are told that the union was displeasing to God, and produced a race of giants, and there seems no reason for either result. "And it came to pass when men began to multiply on the earth, and daughters were born unto them, That the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair."[1] Here the sons of God are mentioned as if they were *not* men. "Men began to multiply on the earth:" did not the descendants of Seth multiply, as well as those of Cain? did not they also have daughters born? and where else are they spoken of as the sons of God, to distinguish them from the family of Cain? Adam was created in "the likeness of God;"[2] he begat Seth "after his own likeness, after his image,"[3] so that there is more reason for applying the term "men" to the descendants of Seth than to those of Cain; for Eve declared she had got Cain "from the Lord."[4] We cannot hope to fathom that dead

[1] Genesis vi. 1. [2] Ibid. i. 26. v. 1. [3] Ibid. v. 3.
[4] Ibid. iv. 1.

world, and it is not with such design I recal the statement, but for the purpose of suggesting that Man then held different conditions of existence from what are embraced by his present state, and also stood in different relations; and of this we seem to have proof in his great duration of life. And may we not find an echo of the union of the sons of God with the daughters of men in the heathen mythology, where the race of giants is represented by the Titans, and their paternity ascribed to Cœlus? I attach a value to such coincidences, even when they treat of a debatable event, because their import is independent of their purport, and points to a higher fact—the unity of the human race. Hence I have thought this incident claimed a passing glance.

Materialists affect to contemn tradition, and either explain it away, or dispute its authenticity: for its acceptance would mar all their theories. Let us see how they slay the giant when he stands in the way—"Who are our authorities for the oft-quoted coincidences of the

Chaldean traditions with the Mosaic story?" asks the Reverend F. W. Farrar. "They are Berosus, Nicolaus of Damascus, and Alexander Polyhistor, quoted or alluded to by Philo, Josephus, Eusebius, Cyril, and Syncellus. How can we be certain that writers so wholly unscrupulous have not coloured the details in passing through their hands? And again, who shall assure us those writers [Berosus, Nicolaus and Alexander Polyhistor] with Hieronyneus, the Phenician Maaseas, and others to whom Josephus appeals, had not directly copied their details from what they heard from the Jews?"[1] Such scepticism as this strikes at the root of history. Who are our authorities for the oft-quoted coincidences of the French account of the result of Blucher's appearance at Waterloo with the English story? How can we be certain that writers so unscrupulous have not coloured the fact in passing through their hands? And again who shall assure us that they had not directly adopted the fact from the

[1] Ethnological Transactions, vol. iii. New Series.

Prussians? We may go on starting shadows, till we are in darkness, and have given up the sun of testimony for the lantern of speculation. Is nothing to be relied on but conjecture? Is conjecture to override even facts, when the facts negative a theory, or will not fit in? We have seen the materialists adopt this practice in geology and in treating of the origin of Nature; and here we find it given a new turn, and made the touchstone of history.

Truth is a great teacher, but we are told that it effects less good in the world, than the appearances of it produce mischief; and materialists are so fascinated by the appearances that they miss the reality. They seek to ascribe Creation to the course of nature, and infer this from phenomena wholly disproportionate, and showing only the slightest traces of relation. It is useless to tell them that the course of nature never did run smooth, and to point to operations before our eyes, showing its great mechanism of levers—its volcanic eruptions, its earthquakes, its hurricanes and floods: these they see in the

present, but attribute the past to routine. And they come in the same spirit to the study of man, too sceptical to admit his creation, and tracing him to an origin that dwarfs the miraculous. The subject is open to scrutiny, and we may bring up facts from its depths, though we shall never reach its bottom. But we seem to aim rather to be ingenious than wise, and to spend our time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing. It is not by such a process that we shall arrive at truth, nor can we measure Nature by the rule of thumb: and our investigations will only be of value when they show there are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE INSTINCT OF BRUTES AND ITS RELATION TO HUMAN REASON.

We cannot define the moral relations of Man, until we have looked through the lower grades of being; for it is undeniable that Man and inferior animals possess endowments in common, and we must ascertain what these are, and how far they imply the same nature. The inquiry will not range to the senses, because these are a joint inheritance, and are found in all organisms in a greater or less degree. Some plants even are susceptible of touch, and small insects have an extraordinary gift of sight, though it is more in compass than range. There are few animals that do not exceed man in keenness of smell, and many follow a scent like a path, while the hearing of some is so acute that they catch the slightest noise at an incredible distance. My dog recognises my

step before the sound reaches the human ear, and this delicacy of audience is not uncommon in animals, but rather a characteristic. In fact, animals possess the senses in the proportion suited to their habits, and with a wonderful nicety of adaptation; and we shall find the same providence of adjustment in those of their endowments in which they seem to approach a rational intelligence.

We expect Man to possess affections, emotions, aspirations, memory, judgment, contrivance, the faculty of thought, and freedom of action. This it is that constitutes a rational being, and one accountable for his conduct. What we have now to consider is the degree in which such attributes are displayed by animals, and whether the acts of animals are conscious or involuntary. Consciousness bestows a certain freedom of choice, and the involuntary act we call instinct, signifying that it has no motive, but seeks an object by impulse. It is doubtful whether the actions of animals can always be thus defined, for we meet with in-

stances which cannot be separated from perception, and which show their intelligence is divided from reason by some finer line.

Descartes calls an insect a machine, intimating that its impulses are mechanical, and uninfluenced by will; but this may be easily disproved. Place a stick before an insect, as it moves along the ground, and it instantly turns aside, and shapes its course so as to avoid the obstacle; and this it will continue to do at whatever point it is confronted by the stick. At last, it becomes bewildered, and remains still, or is seized with a panic, and scampers off, Here is a clear exercise of judgment, and display of agitation. A machine would go straight on; instinct might recognise danger, but it cannot be mechanical when it dictates a mode of escape, and prompts emotion. And can it cease to be mechanical without being conscious?

We all know the affection of a dog for his master, and have noted instances of a dog's intelligence, which embraces both judgment and memory. A dog may be taught any lesson,

and brought almost to understand speech. My Newfoundland retriever goes to his kennel at my bidding, runs out to meet me on being told of my approach, and obeys an order to search for absentees, notifying his errand by blocking their path, and thus obliging them to return home. A wave of the hand sends him round a flower bed, though his instinct would take him straight on, and he comprehends any gesture. This dog has never undergone training: so his intelligence is intuitive. His memory might be compared with Sir Walter Scott's; for he never forgets a face he has seen, a road he has travelled, or a house he has visited, and his reminiscences are sometimes droll in their accuracy. He possesses a giant's strength, but is not tyrannous to use it like a giant, though there are moments when other dogs had better keep out of his way; for what Sir Hugh observes of men is also applicable to dogs—and there are times when they are "full of cholers and trempling of mind."

But my dog reserves his temper for his

own species. With man he always fraternizes, while he exhibits a chivalrous devotion for women, and is the playmate of children for miles round. It would carry me too far to recite instances of his sagacity and his display of feeling, and I shall mention only that he shows himself subject to affection, grief, joy, pride, and expectation, is capable of observing hours, and has contrived modes of making known his wants, while his sociability seems to lack no element but speech.

The sagacity of the dog is surpassed by the elephant, which the ancients called "the miracle of nature," and considered to possess the moral virtues. But I need not dwell on the characteristics of an animal so familiar; for we all have witnessed manifestations of his intelligence, his docility, dexterity, and sociability. Perhaps he must yield the palm of ingenuity to the fox, which is the most fertile in expedients, and has come to be the emblem of cunning. The fox's readiness of artifice is a puzzle to philosophers and has furnished a theme for poets, and in-

spired the happiest sallies of Æsop. Nor has imagination been able to improve the facts. Nothing can exceed his craft in foraging, and he contrives to extract birds from the snares of the fowler, to draw the hedgehog from its coat of proof, and to secure the combs of the wild bee and wasp. His appearance strikes a panic in birds, and they instantly mount in the air, though the jackdaw and magpie follow his movements with cries; and thus warn other birds of his approach.

The sagacity of animals is most conspicuous in their habits, particularly when they act in concert or associate in communities; for then their social economy may give lessons to man. The sage might have written—"go to the ant, thou statesman, and consider his ways." The concert of animals exhibits the precision of a machine, and effects its object with the same certainty, insomuch that they might be supposed to understand both mechanics and mathematics. The Canadian beavers form companies of twenty or thirty, and build their huts together. They

settle near the shore of a lake, or wooded stream, and select a tree for material; then bring the tree down by gnawing its base, working in such a way that it shall fall on the water, and so entail no difficulty in transport. Their cabins show a curious analogy to the architecture of primitive man in similar spots; for they are of the same character as the Swiss lake dwellings, standing above the water, on piles. Each cabin contains a store-room, where provisions are laid up for winter, and is furnished with two doors, one facing the land, and the otner the water. The beavers know what streams are liable to a change of level, and provide against floods by a breakwater, which they construct of an insoluble kind of earth, and sometimes carry to a length of one hundred feet, and a breadth of twelve. Telford could not design a stronger barrier, nor one more adapted to the object.

Contrivance takes a higher form in the cell of the bee; for this structure is based on the subtlest principles of mathematics, and embodies

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knowledge only reached by man in recent times. The object is to obtain the utmost space in the smallest room, and preserve the stability of the comb by the same process, so the cell is excavated in the form of a hexagon, with a rhomboidal floor, and the three plates and walls are placed at angles that exactly attain the purpose. The principle of the structure was not understood till Napier discovered the integral calculus, and it was then found to embrace the maximum and minimum, and in such perfection as to preclude improvement. Maraldi thought he had detected an error of two minutes, but his analysis has been disproved by Lord Brougham, who ascertained that the mistake was Maraldi's, and the bee proves more accurate than the geometrician. Our admiration is equally moved by her mode of building. There are two sets of labourers, the wax-bees and the excavators, and they work in concert, the one bringing just the requisite proportion of wax, and placing it vertically to the plane which regulates the comb; and the other moulding the

cells in pairs, a bee on each side. The cell of each preserves the same diameter, and the same four angles, two of one quantity, and two of a less, and the plates are inclined at relative angles to one another. The bees work so as never to come in collision, and the plates are of a uniform thickness throughout, so that geometricians cannot detect the smallest variation.

We have noticed a resemblance between the cabins of the beaver and the Swiss lake-dwellings; and the architecture of the bee will seem more wonderful if we compare it with that of some existing races of men. The Fuegians are unequal to the construction of any dwelling, and sleep in the open air, in the depth of winter; the summer dwelling of the Esquimaux is a tent of skins, and they pass the winter in a hut of snow, which they enter on all fours, and which has the odour of a sewer. Many families of the Uapas live in one shed, without consideration of age or sex, and the same usage prevails among Polynesian races, and tribes of the Amazon. The huts of the Mantras are formed of a few

posts, and a roof of rattan, covered in with shingle, and the neighbouring Jacoons build on trees, twenty-five or thirty feet from the ground. The Ceylon Weddos dwell in the tree itself, when the trunk is hollow, and wish for no better house; but such abodes cannot always be obtained, and a portion of the population live in caves. Some races use their huts for cemeteries as well as dwellings, and only a layer of earth separates the dead from the living, a proximity abhorrent to civilised man, and which seems to remove savage life from the commonest susceptibilities of humanity.

This inequality of human and animal architecture marks the distinction between instinct and reason, and may furnish a key to its nature. We cannot suppose the beaver to be acquainted with hydrostatics, and the law of gravity, nor the bee to be versed in geometry, yet both act as if they possessed such knowledge. On the other hand, Man grovels on the Earth, though endowed with powers of observation and deduction, and gifted with reason. Why does he fail

in contrivance, when such ingenuity is displayed by the quadruped and insect? The cause seems to be plain. Man is intended to be self-dependent. It is not by caprice that he is sent naked into the world, and left to his own devices: it is by design. The insect and the animal must be clothed and directed, or they could not exist. Man must walk alone, or he will have no scope for his reason, which he must be driven to employ by his necessities. Locke was of opinion that we could not deny a certain degree of reason to brutes, but the action of brutes forbids such a conclusion, and points to some direction. This Sir Isaac Newton refers to the Deity:—"The instinct of insects and brutes can be the effect of nothing else than the wisdom and skill of a powerful, ever-living agent, who, being in all places, is able by his will to move the bodies within his boundless uniform sensorium, and governs and guides all matter by his prevailing power and will." A greater than Locke is here, and declares there is a providence in the fall of a sparrow—not one is forgotten before God.

Does Science regard such a doctrine as heresy, and abjure the agency of a providence? Then we must consider the bee as acting on her own intelligence, and this will claim higher rank than man's, inasmuch as we shall admit that she mastered geometry at her creation, while Man is still a student, having discovered the roots of the equations only yesterday. Man acquires his knowledge through thousands of years; the bee at once, by a jump. There is a royal road to geometry, in spite of Euclid; and the bee has found it out. Is not such a result a greater miracle than her direction by instinct? Does it not ask more credulity, and require a more implicit faith? And it involves a paradox. For it is impossible that the bee should display such genius at its creation, without an instant's thought, and never make an advance. There is but one way out of the difficulty, and that is, to acknowledge that animals act under guidance. Then we can understand why instinct is infallible, while the superior faculty of reason errs. The animal does not learn by experiment; it has no

traditionary knowledge; it receives its wisdom as a birthright. In a word, it is governed by instinct.

The other faculties of animals are equally divided from reason. The most difficult to dissociate is memory; for this seems to imply capabilities of thought and the powers of realization. Certainly, the memory of man is the pivot of his mind. But the memory of brutes is differently constituted, and observation convinces me that it is simply objective. My retriever sweeps round my flower-bed, instead of going across, but it is only my flower-bed he respects: every other he dashes over. What he perceives is the object, not its character. So he remembers his way on a road—not from forethought, but by the objects. He knows not that such a landmark will follow such a one, but the line of objects proves familiar, and is pursued without being identified. A strange road developes this phase of memory in ourselves, only by a reverse process. We have no recollection of the road till we catch sight of

some particular object, and then all comes to remembrance; but our remembrance is an act of intelligence: it is not confined to the one object, but the one object enables us to identify the whole road, whereas the brute's recollection comes with the object, as ours did, but extends no further, and it is only carried on by the next object, while the appearance of an unfamiliar object shows him he is astray. His memory is physical: it has no retrospection, and resides in his senses—sight, smell, and hearing. We shall see hereafter how different is the memory of man.

It may seem impossible to deny retrospective memory to the dog, even if we consider only his powers of recognition and his exhibitions of affection, but the memory is as purely in the senses here as before. As an instance, we know the dog's master is his most familiar object; it is from the master's hand he receives food or caresses: it is the master's voice that oftenest calls his name: he misses this object and these attentions, and he frets: the object appears and causes him pleasure. The memory

is still in the eye: the affection in the pleasure of association.

Affection is the sympathy of kind, and cannot be possessed by brutes, because they never sympathise with their own species. Some animals evince attachment in pairing, but it is only for a season, when they become as unsociable as before. The strongest form of brutal affection is that which animates the female for her young, and here some animals approach the human mother, mingling their tenderness with pride of maternity. But the attachment is still transient, and ceases when the young are suckled, insomuch that there is no recognition between mother and offspring. It is not affection, in fact; but instinct. Nor is it even perceptive in every case; for I have taken away half a litter, and the mother has been ignorant of her loss. Such attachment can be nothing but a blind impulse, fulfilling a function and provided for the purpose, but ordained to expire when the purpose is accomplished.

Our review brings us to conclude that brutes possess varying degrees of intelligence, according to their species, and that this intelligence embraces a degree of perception, and allows a certain range of action, so is occasionally conscious, but only to the extent of what is reached by the physical senses. Very different is the intelligence of Reason. Reason confers powers of observation, analysis, deduction, and comparison: it embraces reflection and retrospection, thought and forethought: it is suggestive and inventive, and possesses not only memory, but imagination—not only consciousness but conscience. It acts independently of the senses, except in so far as they are the media of external phenomena, and is the subtle ethereal essence that notifies our possession of a Soul.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE VARIOUS RACES OF MAN, AND THEIR ORIGIN AND HABITS, AND THE CAUSES OF DETERIORATION OF RACE.

MAN is divided from brutes by another barrier, almost as striking as his reason — namely, his form and organization. Let us take this testimony from an authority for the monkey development. Professor Huxley describes the differences in the anatomy of man and the gorilla as "great and significant." He states that "every bone of a gorilla bears marks by which it may be distinguished from the bones of a man; and in the present creation, at any rate, no intermediate link bridges over the gap between Homo and Troglodytes." And he expresses a strong sense of the "vastness of the gulf between civilised man and the brutes."

It is to civilized man that the Professor

throws this rope, and we cannot deny that the dividing gulf is narrowed by the savage. Indeed, here rise such differences of aspect as seem incompatible with unity of race, and philosophy cannot understand how one and the same species can take so wide a range, embracing habits and character as opposed as colour, and the same inequalities of intelligence. I am unwilling to resign belief in a common parentage, but it cannot be concealed that the doctrine rests on slender grounds, and personal observation of coloured races has planted a doubt in my mind. The advocates of the doctrine parade the authority of Moses; but the statement of Moses is obscure, and appears to be susceptible of another construction. In fact, he mentions the creation of man before that of Adam, and in a different manner, and the words imply a simultaneous production of several couples. "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him: *male and female created he them.*"[1] Not till

[1] Genesis i. 27.

the next chapter are we told of the creation of Adam. "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."[1] It is true an intervening verse affirms "there was not a man to till the ground."[2] But this may refer to the absence of husbandmen, not of men, and ignorance of agriculture is still a characteristic of savages. The coloured races have also a universal tradition that they were created first, and such a fact is not to be contemned. Nor must we forget that Moses was interested in the question of colour, as he had married a black woman: and hence might be disposed to obscure its import. On the other hand, the Hebrews clearly regarded colour as ingrained, and as marking an inferior origin; for not only did this marriage of Moses alienate his kindred,[3] but Holy Writ classes the skin of the Negro with the spots of the leopard, thus making it originary—"Can the Ethiopian change his skin

[1] Genesis ii. 7. [2] Ibid. 5. [3] Numbers xii. 1.

or the leopard his spots?" Indeed, Moses seems to deprecate the prevailing impression when he so emphasises the likeness of the men of the first creation to God. "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him." Why state the fact twice over? May it not be to insist that the moral attributes of the Creator are reflected in the negro, as well as in the Arab or Caucasian; and that he stands on the same footing before God? All races are equal, though they vary in hue, and are of different origin. Yet it was not till the creation of Adam that man "became a living soul."[1] He "*became*" one: he had

[1] Genesis ii. 7. I annex the passage in the original Hebrew, with the literal transla ion beneath;

וַיְהִי הָאָדָם לְנֶפֶשׁ חַיָּה

living soul man the became And,
or,
was made.

Subjoined is the Greek of the Septuagint:—

Καὶ ἐγένετο ὁ ἄνθρωπος εἰς

And became the man into

ψυχὴν ζῶσαν.

soul living.

I am indebted for this translation to my friend the

not been a living soul before, but he now reached this elevation: hence Eve is called "the mother of all *living*"[1]—not the mother of all. But we must avoid stretching the phrase into an exclusion of the pre-Adamite races from the new dispensation: this would leave no significance to the word "became." MAN became a living soul—not Adam alone, but every man. That there were other men than the race of Adam seems to be reaffirmed at the judgment of Cain; for Cain declares he shall be hunted to death;[2] and how could he entertain such an apprehension if there were no men but himself and Adam—for Seth was not yet born! Abel left no descendant, or Moses would have recited their generations, as he does those of Cain and Seth; and it is even stated that Seth is appointed "as a seed, instead of Abel."[3] Adam

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Reverend James Fletcher, Incumbent of St. Saviour's, Haverstock Hill, and author of "Notes of a Residence at Nineveh," &c. Mr. Fletcher adds "I think both versions might be translated 'And man was made *into* a living soul.'"

[1] Genesis iii. 20. [2] Ibid. iv. 14. [3] Ibid. 25.

had other sons at a later date, but Cain would hardly sue to be protected from brethren unborn.

Let us allow there were co-Adamite races, and we may conceive that they were exempted from the doom of the Flood; for Moses is not to be taken literally when he spreads the waters over the "earth," and leaves no survivors but the family of Noah. The "earth," was of limited extent, as known to Moses, and was bounded on the north by the Caucasian range, to the south by the Red Sea, and the west by the Mediterranean, thus including but Persia, Armenia, Assyria, Arabia, and Asia Minor, with a fragment of Europe, and the outlying region of Egypt, and Ethiopia.

This was the "earth" swept by the Flood, for how could Moses apply the term to other regions, when ignorant that such regions existed? Indeed part of the outer territory is still unknown, and it is a significant fact that this outer territory includes nearly all the seats of the coloured races. We have seen that an Egyptian monument represents a perfect negro

a few centuries after the Flood, and the interval is considered insufficient for natural causes to develope such a variation of species: wherefore we must conclude that he escaped the Flood in order to explain his appearance. There will then be no need of the hypothesis of co-Adamite progenitors, as there is time for the transformation. Variety in race seems a law of Nature, and analogy would lead us to recognise varieties in man, as in almost every species, but here local influences effect such changes that we cannot suppress a doubt. Indeed one might say the voice of Nature abjures her law, and assigns all men a common origin.

The most potent agent of specific variation is climate, but we have no measure of its power in this case, because the action extends through generations, and the coloured races attained the maximum of change before they came under notice. But some results are traceable and show the influence of climate to be great and rapid. I may instance the change wrought in the Patagonians, who were a race of giants three

centuries ago, and have now dwindled to an average height. The Patagonian is thus described by Pigafetta in 1520: "We had at first concluded that the country was uninhabited, but one day an Indian, well made and of gigantic size, came capering and singing to the beach, throwing dust upon his head in sign of amity. A seaman was forthwith sent on shore, and directed to imitate the gestures of this merry savage, who was of such immense stature that a middle sized Castilian only reached to his waist. He was large in proportion, and altogether a formidable apparition. He ascended the ship of the Captain-General, and made merry, till, seeing his own image in a large steel mirror, he started back in alarm, and threw down four Spaniards. The good reception of this giant brought more to the beach, who were taken on board, and feasted, six of them eating as much as twenty men."[1] Their stature amazed Magellan, and he detained two of the party, intending

[1] Historical Account of the Circumnavigation of the Globe.

to introduce "the breed of giants in Europe," but he was unable to secure two females, and the entrapped men effected their escape. The same account of their height is given by nine later voyagers, so that the fact cannot be resisted; and we must acknowledge that three centuries have here worked a change almost too marvellous for belief. But we need not go to Patagonia for such phenomena: the climate of America has stamped its impress on our own stock; and our Yankee kinsmen are acquiring the lank form of the Red Indian, and even his cast of features. Nor has the degenerating influence spared their moral qualities; for they make no concealment of their low standard of honour, their admiration of "smartness," their love of exaggeration, their deadly revenges, and their low value of human life. Our race deteriorates in one generation in Australia, and the rich settlers try to remedy the evil by having their children reared in New Zealand, but such a resource is open to few, and cannot serve to invigorate a nation.

The power of climate on man's frame may also be noted in Europe; and we can attribute to no other cause the diminished stature of the French, or the goitre and cretinism of Switzerland? I have seen a woman in Savoy with an excrescence from her throat eighteen inches in length, and the malformation is common in the valleys, though not always so monstrous. The cretinism of Switzerland is on the increase, and seems to be hardly separable from goitre, most of the cretins having the enlarged neck, and coming from the Alpine valleys, thus showing climate to affect the mind equally with the body.

Local causes of deterioration were more potent in the early ages of the world. Man had not then learnt to adapt himself to different conditions; he spread to regions strange to his experience, and knew not how to guard against their noxious influences—the malaria of the forest and fen and swamp, the tropical sun, and the fever-girt river. His necessities engendered new habits; and he fell into a savage

state, exposing his naked body to torrid heats, and becoming a wild beast in his pursuit of prey and amphibious in his search for fish. He passed through periods of famine and pestilence, became a cannibal, distorted his infant children into what he considered an improved shape, and degenerated as much in form as intelligence. Sir Gardner Wilkinson doubts the transforming power of climate, because "in North America the people who have become its new inhabitants are (as they always will continue to be) essentially European,"[1] but we have seen that our descendants in the States do undergo a change both in aspect and feeling, and their cast of face is different from any in Europe. In fact no type can be more distinct than that of a true Yankee, and the third generation of Canadians are yellow in colour. Variation is more marked in Southern latitudes, and I could almost doubt history when it tells me those populations are descended from the robust races I have seen in Spain and Portugal.

[1] Ancient Egyptians, vol. i.

Nor must it be forgotten that the effect of climate on American settlers has been checked by constant immigration, keeping up the original blood, and by the precautions of superior intelligence, while it was accelerated by the habits of savage life. These begot a second nature, and left the first barely recognisable.

We have unearthed no vestige of primitive man that is not imaged in ancient records or the narratives of modern travellers, and each of the sources of testimony confirms the other, bringing man on the earth at a modern date. The book of Job recalls the cave-men of the Somme valley when it mentions the dwellers in "holes and caves of the earth." Herodotus speaks of the pile-huts of Lake Prasias,[1] as if he were describing those of the Swiss lakes; savages still use weapons and implements of int and bone; Captain Cook tells us of the Australians surrounding their sheds with shell-mounds, like those of Denmark; and the Maories were found aproned with leaves of the

[1] Herodotus, v. 14.

cocoa-nut tree,[1] as Adam and Eve with the fig-leaf. Even the innocence of Paradise has been mirrored by man in a state of nature. This is the language of Las Casas, when describing the occupants of the first islands discovered by Columbus—"it seemed almost as if they were living in the state of primeval innocence of our first parents." Peter Martyr reports that "the land among these people is as common as sun and water, and that 'mine' and 'thine,' the seeds of all mischief, have no place with them. They deal truly with one another, without laws, without books, and without judges; and their simple diet preserves health, and averts disease." Washington Irving declares that all contemporary authorities give the same account, and represent "the life of these islanders as approaching the golden state of poetical felicity."[2]

The Southern hemisphere affords a contrast to this picture in the Feejee islands, where the savage bears as little resemblance to his whole-

[1] Cook's Voyages.

[2] Life and Voyages of Columbus, vol i.

some brother of the Antilles as Hyperion to a satyr. Yet the Feejee is frank and truthful, of polished manners, and even an admirer of poetry. He is almost a negro, and differs merely in his hair, which is crisp, though not woolly. The race are not only cannibals, but prefer human flesh to any other food, insomuch that "the greatest praise they can bestow on any delicacy is to say that it is as tender as a dead man."[1] The choicest morsels are furnished by woman, and are considered to lie on the thigh and the upper part of the arm. Sometimes the victims are roasted alive, and slaves are regularly fattened for the table, and sold in the market. No feast is thought complete without a dish of human flesh, and one man was said to have eaten nine hundred persons in the course of his life. This living cemetery was the chieftain—the king of these cannibal islands. The Feejees have other customs equally abhorrent to nature. The infant is taught to strike its mother almost from its

[1] Fige and the Figians, vol. i.

birth, and a woman knows that the child she brings into the world is to be her murderer: for it is considered a duty for a man to kill his parents, to prevent their incurring the infirmities of age. All murder is honoured, and never to have shed blood is counted a reproach.

Cannibalism takes different forms among other races of savages. It is a religious rite with some tribes, others eat only enemies, and others resort to the practice from lack of natural food. Formerly the Cocomas of the Amazon ate the dead bodies of their relations, and washed down the meal with an infusion of their pulverised bones, nor could the missionaries persuade them the usage was wrong, their doctrine being that it was "better to lie inside a friend than be swallowed up by the black earth." The Fuegians devour the oldest woman, when pressed by hunger; and the aborigines of Australia will eat their own children. The child is killed by a blow behind the neck, and the father tears off its flesh, while the mother expresses her grief in low moans, but she is

pacified by the presentation of the head, which is her chartered portion, and which she proceeds to devour. These ghouls eat the flesh raw, while it is warm, and spare no part of the body, the entrails being appropriated to the surviving children.[1] Nor do they limit their victims to their offspring: they have the same preference as the Feejees for the flesh of woman; and allow no woman to reach a natural death, all being cut off at a certain age, and their bodies devoured.[2]

The treatment accorded to woman always affords an index to the moral position of the man, and we find her condition saddest among the vilest savages. A Feejee ties his wife to a tree, and beats her naked body, in presence of her relations; and he is even allowed to take her life. He may put her up for sale, and transfer his rights to the purchaser; and any woman may be bought for a musket. Slavery

[1] Oldfield: Ethnological Transactions, vol. iii. New Series. [2] Ibid.

is the badge of all the sex, and they are forbidden to eat human flesh, the greatest of delicacies to a Feejee, and for which they have the national predilection. The men are exempt from tattoo, while women are obliged to submit the tenderest parts of the body to the process, and they are fortunate if they escape the fate of the fatted calf, and never form the centre-dish of their husband's table.[1]

The condition of woman is more pitiable among the aborigines of Australia. She is obliged to yield her child to her husband's hunger; she is shorn of her hair to furnish him with rope; and she serves him as a beast of burden in the transport of his chattels. Infidelity he may punish with death, or by consigning her to a worse fate, the tender mercies of the women of the tribe; and these furies avenge the honour of the sex by throwing her on the ground and sitting on her body, while they lacerate her flesh with flint knives. Death is also the penalty of a clandestine

[1] Figi and the Figians, vol. i.

marriage, and is sometimes inflicted with every circumstance of outrage. Mr. Oldfield relates the case of a damsel, who eloped with a young Warrananooka, and was tracked by another, when she first became the victim of her captor's lust, and then served him for a meal.[1]

Woman is treated kindly in New Zealand, but without a sense of her dignity, or its import. The Maori expects her to revere the marriage tie, but allows her room and verge in girlhood, and the license is freely used. A similar custom prevails in Tahiti, where the unmarried women and men form an association, and consider themselves intermarried; and this promiscuous union involves no shame. Yet the same women become good wives, and are faithful to their husbands, seldom relapsing into the frailty of their youth.[2]

Some races extend their atrocities to children, and I cannot mention the usages prevalent in Eastern and Western Australia,

[1] Ethnological Transactions, vol. iii. New Series.

[2] Cook's Voyages.

for they are too shocking for recital. Here man leaps his last boundary, and seems to fall lower than the brutes, appearing without understanding, without natural affection, implacable, cruel. True, there always remains one human characteristic—some notion of the institution of marriage, and this is guarded by inhibited degrees, though the Weddos allow marriage with a younger sister, while they forbid it with an elder. The Israelite custom of marrying the widow of a brother prevails among the Australians, but the Australian widow maintains a briefer mourning than the Jewess, and repairs to the brother's hut three days after the bereavement. An Esquimaux woman does not wait till her husband's death for another partner, but takes several mates at once, and no Esquimaux objects to lend his wife to a friend. The Chaco Indians have a similar usage, and the Ticunas of the Amazon allow their chief greater license.[1] But woman's degra-

[1] Markham: Ethnological Transactions, vol. iii. New Series.

dation reaches its lowest point in the depths of North America, where the Indians fight for the female, like the wild animals of the forest; and she becomes the prize of the victor.

Such unions are as destructive of parental as conjugal affection; and the offspring are either destroyed or brought up uncared for. Not that infanticide is confined to savages. It has prevailed for ages among the nations of the East, and is common in China, and in parts of India. But it scarcely has a limit among savage races, and their lax morals leave the mother without excuse, as she is under no constraint of shame. It is here the woman who sinks into the brute, recalling the tendency of some animals to destroy their young, and we are brought to doubt whether maternal love is a natural endowment, or merely a habit. Missionaries assert that every woman in Tahiti destroys her first child, and so far may be paralleled by the ancient Jews, who sacrificed all who opened the womb, but the Tahitian moher does not stop here, but often spares none

of her progeny but one. The same usage exists among other nations of Polynesia, and also among African and American tribes, and some of the aboriginal races of Australia are extinguishing themselves by the process. The Weddos of Ceylon limit their families to two or three children, destroying all beyond that number; and the same course is adopted by the Abipones of the Amazon, while the neighbouring Xemanas kill all the first-born.[1] D'Orbiquy states that the Moxos Indians awarded this fate to twins, and that it was customary for a Moxos woman to bury her infant alive, if it were born weak, or caused much trouble. The Chaco Indians bury the living infant with its mother, if she dies during nursing, and this usage prevails also in Africa.

Such habits seem to divide us from the coloured races at every point, and colour becomes the smallest barrier; for beyond yawns the chasm of grovelling ignorance, murder,

[1] Markham: Ethnological Transactions, vol. iii. New Series.

cannibalism, polygamy, polyandry, promiscuous intercourse, and horrors unmentionable. Doubtless there is a beam in our own eye, and some of these blots deface the European, whose crimes might often blacken the negro. It may be that our boasted superiority is due to conditions rather than race, and that we are innately even as this savage—a touch of corrupted nature making the whole world kin. At least, our criminals are tarred with the same guilt, and it infects sections of the general poor. England is familiar with infanticide, and its prevalence has taken a deeper shade from the barbarities of Charlotte Winsor. Some European capitals seek to escape the evil by foundling-hospitals, but it is virtually murder for a mother to desert her infant; and I learnt that nearly 3000 foundlings perish annually in the small city of Rome. Nor does the existence of an asylum there prevent infanticide, while it is a fruitful stimulus of vice; and there is no approximation between the London rate of deaths by infanticide and the rate of deaths of

the Roman foundlings. The highest rate of London infanticide is that given by Dr. Lankester, who estimates it at one infant a day, or three hundred and sixty-five in the year, in a population of more than three millions, while we see that the death-rate of the Roman foundlings is three thousand in a year, in a population of one hundred and eighty thousand. Should not this lead us to hope that England will never be polluted by one of these abominable institutions!

The bonds of corruption enfold the European with the Negro at other points, and with the same distinctness. Our population furnishes murderers as ruthless as the Feejees, and parricides more unnatural; we have wife-beaters as brutal as the Hottentots; women as shameless as Tahitians, and ferocious as Dahomey Amazons. From cannibalism we are free, but not from the gluttony at its root, and there is some affinity in the epicure who roasts geese alive, to the savage who devours human flesh.

The unity of mankind is considered to be proved by the fertility of the mongrels, but this is straining a deduction, for the analogy of brutes does not present barrenness in the coupling of varieties, but as attending the union of different species. The majority of dogs are mongrels, yet they continue to breed, and their progeny are equally fertile. The deterioration is not in productiveness, but in qualities, and it is significant that the same result appears in the human mongrel. The half-caste races are all inferior; and continuance of intermixture does not raise their quality, though it improves their appearance. Even this advance is confined to the female, who inherits the aptitudes of her sex, and I have seen half-caste girls perfect Graces. One phenomenon of racial intermixture is remarkable—that women of some of the dark races are sterile to men of colour, after they have borne to a European, and this is a striking resemblance to the law of propagation in varieties of species in brutes.

After all, the question of origin hinges on the coloured man's capabilities of advancement. There is as much degradation in Staffordshire, where the potters are as steeped in ignorance, and as brutalised by vice, and the young girls are destitute of shame.[1] But these savages may be reclaimed. We have but to train the vine, and it will no more bear wild grapes, but fruit of the best. Will culture achieve the same result with the coloured races? Let none of us presume to say nay. Yet it is time to consider whether we are following the right method, or whether we are not rather taking a course fraught with mischief. It is certain that the coloured man recedes before civilization, or remains only to perish, and he seems to have fulfilled his destiny, when his lands pass to the Caucasian. We forget that civilization is a process of ages, and should be imparted cautiously and through succeeding generations. Let us teach the savage to work out his own elevation, and to advance by steps, like our

[1] Report of the Government Inspector, 1865.

progenitors—not by a hop, skip, and jump ; for it is through a straight gate and narrow way we advance to life, and the broad way leads to destruction.

CHAPTER VII.

OF MAN'S SENSATIONS, EMOTIONS, QUALITIES, AND PASSIONS, EXHIBITING THE DISTINCTNESS OF THE BODY AND MIND, AND THE NATURE OF THEIR ASSOCIATION.

OUR picture of Savage Man shows what he becomes under the direction of his impulsès—when he abandons the beacon of reason, and is without the instinct which governs brutes. Few are the brutes that eat their kind, and these only in extremity—fewer neglect their young, and the majority surprise us by their parental tenderness. And can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, she may forget. The babe affords a feast to the woman of Australia; the Feejee considers it a duty to murder his parents; and the Fuegian will devour the wife who has pillowed

on his bosom. Such is Man at his lowest! His intelligence has disappeared: he has lost the guidance of his mind, and his nature is left an anarchy. What a spectacle for Man at his highest! Is he verily of the same constitution? endued with the same sensations, emotions, and qualities, and the same passions? It is manifest there is no difference here. We may be descended from a separate ancestor, but we are one species, identical in nature, and heirs of the like susceptibilities. We are as the two Dromios, who came into the world like brother and brother, hand in hand, not one before the other. Colour is no brand of inferiority, and should rather recall to us the words it suggested to the greatest of poets and wisest of men—

"Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
. . . . . I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts."

So we cannot reach the soul till we scrutinize this envelope of flesh—its robe, as it were: a robe of many colours, but of unvarying texture. Let us go to the mirror, and hold it up to our nature, and we shall see the savage and the Caucasian in the same body.

The first quality of life is sensation. It is as necessary to brutes as to man, to the beetle as the giant, and impresses all organisms in a greater or less degree, the higher having a full measure, and the lowest barely a touch. It forms the backbone of Man, his frame's pillar, and spreads conductors through its every part; whence the operation is so thorough that the whole system may be convulsed by a sound. Indeed, the same effect may be produced by a thought; for the thread of our sensations is as the web of a spider, and "feels along the line" —feels with a delicacy reached in no other being, either in pain or pleasure. Nor could we expect less; for our pangs and thrills are more than bodily: they penetrate to the mind.

Materialists inquire what is sensation; and

Wisdom mystifies itself with definitions, when we might learn a parable from the toothache. This spreads the pain to the ear and eye and forehead—to the brain; and here it reaches the mind, when we note a double effect, the one connecting the mind with the body, the other establishing their separate existence. The connexion may be traced in the mind's disturbance; for it becomes impossible to continue mental labour—not only because this throws a strain on the nerve, and so increases the pain, but because our thoughts refuse to be concentrated. On the other hand, the body is affected only in one region; it evinces its independence of the mind by not sharing its prostration; and the pain leaves it free for labour and all the functions of life. At the same time, the different parts of the body have such sympathy, that the pain may be alleviated by realising the ease of the parts unaffected. In fact, sensation is the vibration of a nerve, rooted in the brain, and constituting its feeler to that part of the body; and the brain at once supplies it with vitality,

and its medium of operation. The initial shock may either be external or from within; and the sensation be one of pain or of pleasure, but the difference is in origin; there is but one mode of transit.

Emotional sensation darts through our system with the same speed and equal completeness. Our mind is affected by joy, and the sensation courses through the body like its blood—only the transmission is instantaneous. We know the mind is its source, because joy is a mental emotion, but this could not be detected by observation, for mind and body receive a concurrent impulse. We feel the transport in our breast, and it already thrills in our veins, and pervades our whole frame. The course of operation is the same as with the physical sensation, except that it is reversed—that is the impulse rises in the mind, and is communicated to the nerves by the brain, instead of beginning in the nerves, and being imparted by the brain to the mind. And the brain terminates our scrutiny in both cases. All is visible up to this point; for all is

material—the nerves that conduct, the blood-vessels that sympathise, and the life-giving brain. But here we reach the door of the mind: it is closed and barred, and we can tell nothing of the operations within. We only know that what the brain hides from us is something united with our substance, yet itself not substance—our mind, our SOUL.

The same process is traceable in purely intellectual sensations. The ear catches a strain of music, and conveys it to the brain, and the brain to the mind. Music could afford no pleasure to the body alone; it ministers to none of our bodily wants, titillates none of our nerves, and gratifies none of our propensities. What is music to a dog or an elephant, the most sagacious of brutes? Their ears would be deaf to the song of the sirens, or the lyre of Orpheus, or the voice of Ilma de Murska. So is an idiot—so were all men, if men were but material beings, and devoid of mind. It is through our intellect we are gratified by sweet sounds: the melody enters at the ear, and the nerves conduct it to the

brain, but it is the mind that gives the appreciation, and communicates the sensation of pleasure. And the form of operation is the same as ever. It cannot be observed, it is felt: an instantaneous sympathy of mind and body, the mind exhilarated or soothed, or infused with a soft melancholy, and the body moving in accord —one instrument, discoursing music indeed.

The action of mind is as obvious in the intellectual sensation through sight. The beauties of nature afford no charm to brutes, nor are they even regarded or perceived. So with beauty in art. The spider is in kings' palaces, and sees not how they differ from the Indian's wigwam. We know that a brute will pass a picture by Turner, or a statue by Gibson, and be unconscious of its presence? Nor could such objects give pleasure to man, as a being merely corporeal. His body would be unmoved by the finest prospect of nature, or by dome-capped towers, or sculptures or paintings? But the eye-carries the image to his mind: the mind is thrilled by its beauty, and the body

shares the sensation. In short it matters not whether our sensations are physical, emotional, or intellectual; their natural action follows one law, and this exhibits a participation of mind and body. The natural action disappears in proportion as we pursue one set of sensations above another—the bodily over the emotional or intellectual, or the emotional or intellectual over the bodily. The whole world was vanity to the wisdom of Solomon; and intellectual sensations rendered Archimedes insensible to hunger and blind to death. The emotions have been made equally absorbing, and it is the abuse of bodily sensations that has brutalised the coloured races.

Hence we understand how our nature is common, and makes all men radically the same, the variations being only skin deep, and the deficiencies the effect of perversion. Intellectual sensation is lost to the negro from disuse, and he passes a work of art with the same unconcern as a brute, the only difference being that he is conscious of its presence. Even the sensations of his body are blunted, whether because they have

been weakened by abuse, or have gone through some process of training, or because of his subjection to privation. I once saw a negro struck on the head with an axe, and he received the blow with a laugh, though I could not repress an exclamation of horror. Indeed, I expected to see his skull clove open, but it was barely marked, presenting only a red graze beneath the wool. The Malays have a religious service, in which they cut themselves with knives, and I was credibly informed that they endure the laceration without the slightest emotion. I wished to observe their behaviour, but was dissuaded from being present, as interference might have cost me my life, and I could not trust my impulses at such a spectacle.

It is certain that sensation may be dulled by training, and the same effect is produced by excess, while moderation gives force to every nerve. Hall states that an Esquimaux will sit thirty hours by a seal-hole, and never stir a muscle, remaining without food and exposed to an Arctic winter. The Fuegians lie down in

the snow and sleep through the night, and their only clothing is a coat of skin in the severest weather. Here the dulness of sensation may be partly due to climate, but something is also contributed by habit, and sensation is still seen to be in our own power—that is, we may follow such habits as will keep it in healthy action, or adapt it to our situation, or such as will render it inoperative. The last is the object sought by the coloured races. The Amazon Marinhas begin the training at twelve years old, when a boy is bored through the ears and lips, gashed round the mouth, and made to fast five days. Older lads inflict torture on themselves, and a severe self-flagellation wins the rank of manhood. The Omaguas extend the discipline to girls, and female children are hung in a net to the roof, and almost suffocated with smoke, the process being repeated till it is not felt. Some races of savages impart insensibility by cutting their children with flint knives, and then exposing the wounds to a slow fire, when they open, and cause fresh torture. Others

adopt more revolting methods, but all aim at the same object, and with unvarying success.

So much for the operation of sensation, and the means by which it may be deadened; but how is it produced? The mystery is not so much in the mechanism as the initiation. Analogy would seem to refer this to the same cause as its phenomena—to motion, the pulse of Nature. A wave carries music to the ear, light and colours to the eye, and warmth to the skin; motion sends blood through the veins, and air to the lungs, and without motion can nothing live that does live. The origin of sensation may be traced to motion in the case of the eye. Let us dart our hand before a man's eye, and the lid involuntarily closes, the disturbance of the air communicating a shock to the nerves though they are untouched by our hand. So with the eye's vision. It depends on waves of light, which are the media of perception, and bring the eye its images of objects; and there can be no sight without this momentum. Darkness renders the eye of man as blind as his foot,

and it is by a special adaptation that sight is preserved by the animals called nocturnals, or species which see at night.

We recognise the initiative of motion in emotional sensation; for movement is signified by the name. Nor could phenomena exhibit more clearly either the initial shock, or the relations of its source and object, the mind and body—their intimate communion, and the distinctness of their nature and being. Let us view the effect in grief and mirth, which are at once emotions and qualities—emotions in themselves, but qualities in their origin, because grief involves love, and mirth cheerfulness. I have shown that grief may be evinced by brutes. The dog frets for his master, the cow for her calf, and the ewe for her lamb. But we have seen that their grief is merely objective. It is not the grief of sympathy, memory, understanding, and endearment: it is not the grief of woman for her child:—

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,

> Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
> Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
> Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
> O, Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son,
> My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!"

Nor has the grief of brutes the same mode of expression as the human emotion: There is a plaint in the dog's whine, the cow's low, and the ewe's bleat, but nature attaches a special effect to the sorrow of man. To mankind alone she gives tears, and the external reflection of grief, mirrored on the face. These are the outward and visible sign of an emotion inward and spiritual. The sign is corporeal, but the emotion mental, and it is the agitation of the mind that opens the lachrymal duct, and clouds the features. So with mirth, which is also peculiar to man, and of which there is no perception in brutes. Mirth has a language apart from speech, and only mankind laugh and smile. The movement is from the mind, but all the expression is bodily. The voice rings out the laugh, the lips give the smile, and pleasure beams from the eyes, and radiates the face. We are sensible of both a mental and bodily

action, and again see the affinity of the Negro and Caucasian! Nature proclaims their brotherhood in smiles and tears.

But where is the proof that smiles and tears are prompted by the mind? They are a visible manifestation, with a form and presence, and a mechanism of glands and muscles; and these all pertain to the body. Truly it is not enough to say that mirth and sorrow are mental emotions, and that it is they give the impulse. How are they mental emotions? I answer because they depend on thought! Laughter is excited by a ridiculous object or a flash of humour, but humour and fun do not appeal to the body: they address some intelligence, something insubstantial—the mind; and it is the mind smiles or laughs, though the body gives the sign. What is true of mirth and laughter applies equally to grief and tears. We say grief is in the heart, but the heart is only its chamber: grief is spiritual — it is thought, memory, wounded affection, and conscious bereavement. These are the elements of the

emotion : hence the bodily manifestation is excited by the mind. The tears stream from the eye, but the mind is their fount.

A further proof of this operation of the mind is its power of simulating these emotions, and thus developing another quality, deceit. We can put on the semblance of mirth or grief, and be unmoved by either ; and here the mind exhibits its separate existence in a striking manner; for the body becomes but a puppet, and obeys the mind without the impulse of sensation. The body is neuter ; the mind pulls the wires, and the body assumes the fitting gesture, seeming to rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep, yet remaining indifferent. The manifestation may cover envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. A man may smile and smile again, and be a villain ; and there may be fury in the heart of woman, though she have all the tears of Niobe. In truth, tears and smiles are the armoury of woman—her sword and buckler. And they can be her mask, too. But it is a mask as natural

as her complexion, and we see not the falsehood beneath. The representation of the body is apparent, but the mind is a spirit, and its disposition cannot be observed.

The face has another emotional expression, which is peculiar to man, and also springs from the mind, yet here there is no mental control. We may feign modesty, but we cannot assume its blush, nor can we repress the blush of shame. Still we meet a clear testimony to the distinct existence of the mind, though it is inseparable from the body in appearance. The emotion springs from the mind; it is of a character purely mental; and expresses a sensation which the body can feel only as a medium and under mental pressure. Shame is dead in the savage, because his mind is dormant, and no more gives him a perception of delicacy in feeling than in art. He would not lack shame if shame were of the body, nor could his hue veil its blush—I have seen the blood flush a black complexion and also leave it pale—but the face cannot display the sign on an impulse from the body.

There can be no shame where there is neither sensitiveness of mind, nor apprehension of reproach.

The same law applies to mercy, man's noblest quality, and to which the savage is a stranger. Indeed, it is rare among civilised men, and leavens only the best natures. Garibaldi can strip off his shirt, and give it to his enemy in distress, but such a display of mercy is memorable, and receives the tribute of orations. The quality is not strained by the deed—strained it cannot be: but we see it in a fulness almost more than human. We all can be merciful to the enemies of others, or even to offenders against society, and we see the points which extenuate their guilt. How such points vanish when the enemy is a personal one, and in our own power! Then few will spare; and to rise to the dignity of befriending an enemy requires a man indeed. Revenge gratifies our passions, and prompts us to take an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,—though we are more prone to exact both eyes, and leave not a

tooth undrawn. Happily there is a counter feeling, which acts as a corrective. Revenge is sweet, but mercy is sweeter; and they who have once spared will hold their hand for ever. Not that the exercise of mercy gives pleasure at the moment; for mercy is either instanstaneous, and without reflection—a natural impulse from the mind—or it may have to be reached through difficulties, and involve both risk and trouble. But the pleasure surely comes, and does not pass away; for it is rooted in the memory: it is a pleasure of the soul. It rises unbidden years after the event, and brings us the same thrill, nor can we think it will be absent at the last, when we need every grateful recollection, and when it may cheer our passage to another existence.

The mind is not the source of all our qualities. Some are rooted in the body, and are shared by brutes, but under a different temper; for there is a certain action of the mind in every impulse of man. The quality of courage is an example. This may either be

dogged, when it is associated with the mental quality of determination, or it may be heroic, when it is linked with enthusiasm, and then may embody our highest motives. Enthusiasm fosters love of country, of right, and of religion, and the courage of enthusiasm has won for man both his civilization and liberties. At the same time, it is their safeguard, and insures defence against fire and sword, and endurance through trial, famine, and pestilence. Happy is it when our courage bears this impress; for then it will accomplish its work, whatever it may be—whether to fight, preach, or labour, raise a beacon on Parnassus, or bring the ends of the world together. Undoubtedly enthusiasm may be perverted; and turn to fanaticism, which prompts a courage as high for the worst objects. A fanatic will resign the pleasures of the world to establish a delusion—traverse deserts, endure perils by the sea, perils by robbers, perils by his own countrymen, the sufferings of an apostle, and even mount the imminent deadly breach, or give his body to the stake.

Enthusiasm shows another phase in the negro, whom it seizes with frenzy, and transforms into a demon. Yet the impulse is still mental. The body furnishes the condition, but the mind imparts the force, and supplies the motive. The courage of brutes is only a condition, deriving its force from instinct. But the most abased form of human courage betrays Mind, and the savage owns the motive of glory, when he boasts of his exploits in the fight and chase. It may be said that an equal perception of glory is evinced by brutes; and we see the cat parade the captured mouse, as the Indian his enemy's scalp; and with as manifest pride. But the similarity is only in appearance. The perception of the cat is confined to the trophy—the object, the mouse is devoured and forgotten; while the perception of the Indian rests on the exploit. The cat's inspiration is objective; the Indian's retrospective and mental. So man stands apart from the brute even here. Caucasian and negro are alike moved by something linked with the body, yet not of it—now originating

their sensations and qualities, now controlling, but always partaking—a subtle, ethereal essence, in one developed, in the other stunted, but present in both.

The impress of a spiritual nature is apparent even in our passions. It is true, some of the passions draw us nearer to brutes, and are said to possess man and brutes in the same form. But this conclusion appears to me erroneous; for I observe the same phenomena here as in the emotions — only the mind is more masked. The brutes know nothing but the sensation or object, man both feels and perceives. Man has no more brutal passion than ferocity, and this he derives from hatred; but we cannot say that hatred influences a brute. A brute's ferocity is innate, or the result of aggravation, or hunger, or natural hostility, and is blind and motiveless. The cat tortures the mouse, but it is in pursuit of a sensation, not with a motive; for it can be excited to the same movements by a cork, pulled by a string. But the cruelty of the Indian is perceptive; he purposes torture;

be foresees the sufferings of his captive, and it is these that constitute his enjoyment. Cruelty gives a sensation to man as to the brute; but the sensation of the brute is confined to the nerves, while that of man employs thought also. I will not say the impulse is of the kind that attracts the Spaniard to a bull-fight; for this were to rise little in level, and the impulse may claim kin with that which draws us to the exhibition of a dramatic tragedy. The attraction is a spectacle of suffering in both cases, and both engage the mind, but it is mind differently tempered, here trained to pity, there to slaughter, and prompting sympathy here, and there ferocity.

It must not be forgotten that the most universal of our passions is purely mental, and unconnected with the body, though it inspires our most powerful motives. The savage may be incapable of love, but he feels ambition, and braves death for renown. "If we look abroad on the great multitude of mankind," says Addison, "and endeavour to trace out the

principles of action in every individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable that ambition runs through the whole species."[1] What else can be our "principle of action" apart from our wants?—and the wants of nature are confined to food, shelter, and clothing. We should seek nothing more but for ambition: wherefore ambition is made our master-passion, and sown in every breast. It is the lever of humanity. It seizes us as soon as we feel curiosity, ardour, emulation, avarice, or any form of desire; for we cannot entertain an aim without being ambitious. Nor let us wonder that the passion is anathematised by poets and philosophers: this is their vocation, but they are obeying ambition while they deplore its existence. Indeed, ambition is the parent both of poetry and philosophy, and claims the same relation to history and the events it records—the same to discovery, invention, science, and art. Certainly it has its dark side, but this is not so black as it is painted; and we may doubt if the world

[1] Spectator, 224.

has not gained as much as it has lost from the career of conquerors. They have been scourges to their generation, and sometimes thrown it back, but it has been to prepare the way for a new order of things, which has quickened civilization, and ultimately given ages of advancement to the human mind.

Our next most prevalent passion is undoubtedly animal, but it embraces human instincts, and only when they are discarded does it become brutal. Necessarily all beings follow one law of generation, and the law governs man equally with brutes. But he is not thereby placed on their level, nor assimilated to their nature, nor left the same license. The law applies to the reproduction of form; therefore, the impulse is of the form, and sensual. Again, it is imperative that there should be an attraction to the perpetuation of species: hence the desire is made paramount. But here ends the affinity between the human and brutal passion, and it is man's depravity that breaks through, and makes the two akin. Nowhere has nature subjected

the body to such restraints—the sense of virtue, the repulsion of kindred, and the curb of shame, with the universal recognition of marriage, while the passion itself is refining, and rather brings out the mind than ignores. The great master of our nature declares that it elevates the vilest —" base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them." The most animal of our passions is so moulded that it fastens in the mind and becomes associated with the mind's qualities and faculties— perception, imagination, and hope, all the ministries of affection, and the endearing influences of the emotions. The mind lifts it up, and invests it with romance and sentiment, so that what might be our grossest feeling becomes the most ideal, and has inspired the mind with the noblest fancies. Not that the dominance of mind insures this effect, or involves dominance of virtue. The wisest, brightest of mankind was also the meanest; all the talents failed to restrain Cæsar, and passion rules the wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best. Spirituality is the

gift of self-control, and only reached by discipline. "Come away from that monster," cried the physiognomist to the disciples of Socrates. "He will corrupt you; for he is infected with the worst passions of nature." The tirade exasperated the scholars, who would have torn the physiognomist in pieces, but were restrained by Socrates. "Do him nó harm!" exclaimed the philosopher; "for what he says is true. Those passions are in my breast, but I keep them in subjection, and they have no influence on my actions." Such is the power of mind, and so does it attest its separate existence from the body, and prove man to possess a spiritual being—a SOUL.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE MIND, OR SOUL, AS EXHIBITED IN ITS FACULTIES.

WHAT is the nature of the Soul—this Mind, which is OURSELF, but which can be seen in no mirror, which is without form, and which too many of us make void! Is it mortal? does it perish with the body? shall worms eat this invisible spirit as well as our robe of flesh, or has it a separate destiny? The answer must be sought in its structure; for only the soul itself can give us the key to unlock such depths.

The fundamental motive of the mind is self-love. This is the mind's regulator, and shapes our character, as well as actions, threading our whole existence. It is the recognition of SELF, and inseparable from self, and a mo-

ment's reflection will show us the object of the association. Man is the only being sent into the world naked, spread over the globe, and exposed to every climate. He is furnished with no protection from the weather, and no resource of defence or flight, nor even with the provision of instinct. And the design of this destitution is plain. It is to make him resort to his own faculties, and depend on himself. Necessity is the mother of invention. Man is given a MIND, and this is to be his clothier, purveyor, defender, builder, and director, and he is to be driven to develop its powers by his wants. And this mind is of such a texture that exercise gives it expansion, while disuse shrivels it up, and lays it prostrate. Nor is mind intended to minister only to the body: it is to instruct itself, to enlarge itself, to acquire from without as well as develop within, and so rise out of the local habitation of its humanity—soaring to a habitation which is not local, and to which it must be borne on its own wings.

Nothing could prompt us to such efforts but

love of self. And this is not giving a low basis to human actions; for Bishop Butler truly observes—"self-love, in its due degree, is as just and morally good as any affection whatever."[1] Indeed, love of self begets love for others—affection for our kindred, sympathy for the unfortunate, and pity for the suffering. It is the connection with ourselves that attaches us to our relations: they are endeared to us by our recollection of their tender offices, and their participation in our descent. We sympathise with the unfortunate from understanding what we should feel in their situation, and the same process awakens our pity for the suffering. Thus self-love is the spring of the purest emotions, while it also leads us to the highest. Undoubtedly it partakes of the nature of every human quality, and has a retrograde tendency, which makes it as likely to be productive of vice as virtue. Self-love generates selfishness, but only by centering in self, and admitting no other object, or such objects only as minister to one's own

[1] Fifteen Sermons; Preface.

gratification. This is the self-love of the savage, the criminal, and the man of the world—the self-love content to be sensual, and seeking no mental motive. Mind is stirred, but only with a view to a personal aim — not an aim that will also benefit society, or be a general advantage, and which is compatible with a justifiable self-love—but an aim that may be a wrong or a crime, or be indifferent to every interest but our own, Such a degree of self-love acknowledges but one restraint, and this springs from the same source—from regard for self, so that the one quality generates both the evil and its corrective. Selfishness is curbed by shame —not always, indeed; for the two feelings may conjoin, forming one motive, and then may impel us to any enormity. Selfishness instigates a trespass; shame shrinks from a discovery; and both impel us to seek concealment by any sacrifice but self. The motive is so strong as to subvert our whole nature; it prompts the lips to lie, the heart to deceive, and the hand to forge and murder. But the natural

result of shame is to repress such tendencies, and keep selfishness in check. It produces a wholesome fear, and we assume the guise of purity, though we have it not, and refrain from what would entail reproach. There is thus virtue in shame in its lowest form. But it takes higher ground, and incites to good, as well as preserves from evil; for dread of censure stimulates benevolence, forbearance, and self-denial. The wise forecast of Nature deepens shame in the young, as they are most open to corruption, and the motive of shame guards them both from each other and themselves. At the same time, it fosters emulation, diligence, perseverance, courage, and all the main qualities of character.

The basis of the mind is completed by two fundamental faculties—thought and memory. Thought is involuntary, and never ceases. We may shape its course, and turn it on a particular subject, but think we must. The poet makes us whistle for want of thought, but thought is apparent in whistling; for we must think of the

tune, or the whistling will stop. Nor will its cessation denote that we are not thinking: it will indicate that the whistling no longer engages attention; but this is a proof that thought has wandered, not that it is extinct. In fact, it has become deeper—for its deepest currents are still.

What is the mechanism of thought baffles investigation. Thought flows, it bends, it mounts, wanders, and returns; we can trace its rise, and may see its progress, but its process is inscrutable. It bears a different impress in different persons, and is here inventive, there mechanical, here imaginative, there practical, now wide, now narrow, and now decided or volatile. But it is present in all, a sort of spiritual blood, animating every mind, and without which mind cannot be. Ideas may be originated by ourselves, or may be spontaneous, or they may be suggested, springing from sight of an object, from a word, or a memory. We can see that memory is an element of thought —at any rate, that memory is necessary to its

perfect action. But this fact reveals nothing; for memory is as great a mystery as thought, and a greater miracle.

I look upon memory as the most wonderful thing in existence. Many possess a memory of the span of Miranda's, and can gaze back to the time when they were "not out three years old." By what cunning machinery are we enabled to effect such a review? Is the medium a tablet, a mirror, a diorama, a kaleidoscope, or all these combined? Combine them a millionfold, and they could not present the phenomena a simple glance recovers from memory—and memory has neither form nor substance. We have but to raise our mind's eye, and memory exhibits to us any scene we have visited, no matter at what distance of time, nor how far removed in locality. We turn to memory, and it mirrors to us any face we have ever known, any experience we have undergone, and any incident we have shared or witnessed. It is now a gallery of art, stored with our impressions of pictures and statues; now a library, opening to us the trea-

sures we have gathered from books; now an echo of eloquent music; now a companion and now a teacher. What should we be if we did not possess this endowment? There could be no learning, for we should be without a medium of acquisition; there could be no domestic ties, for we should be without the means of recognition; there could be no courts of justice, for we should be without testimony; there could be no language, for we should be without words.

Memory is hinged on thought, and thought distinguishes our memory from that of brutes, which I have shown to be merely objective and void of innate retention. Indeed, the innate retention of the human memory is in the ratio of its range of thought—that is, the course thought takes, and the subjects on which it is exercised. Shakespeare tells us that home-keeping youth have ever homely wits, and we always find the narrow mind in a narrow sphere; the thoughts assume the guage of a set, and what the set teaches, and can take no expansion

from memory, because memory is confined to the same limits. Thus the sectarian appears on the level of the savage—of the African Bushman, the lowest type of man, for the Bushman's mind is also narrowed to surrounding objects, and the usages of his tribe. I found the deficiency of his faculties arose from inaction, not incapacity, and I have even noted capability in a Bushman who was drunk—perhaps, the last depth of human degradation. The Bushman's memory is unerring in the craft of savagery: it is only defective in what is unfamiliar. Hence he knows nothing of enumeration, being unable to count four; and any attempt to reduce the four to units would end in his bewilderment. This phase of mind did not escape Shakespeare, who exhibits it in Launce, and Launce's shoes have inspired the same effect in the thumbs of Dundreary. But it is not only among the ignorant that memory grows contracted: it incurs equal peril from the wise and prudent, who distrust its powers, and delegate its office to memoranda. Memory must

be tasked to be kept efficient, and its release from exertion entails decay.

Thought is subject to the same conditions. The most prominent characteristics of thought are perception and curiosity, which both set it in motion and extend its range; and only through them can it become fruitful. Perception we cannot avoid; for it is a part of our consciousness; but perception serves us little, if it do not provoke curiosity. Hence curiosity appears with the first development of mind. An infant perceives an object, and cries for its possession, but he is not satisfied to possess, and he turns it over and over, examining every part. We show him a watch, and he drags it to his ear, or tries to tear it open; and a sight of the works excites him to further efforts at inspection. So with the adult. He perceives the sky to be spangled with stars, and the spectacle excites his curiosity and leads him to observe closer, when he elicits a clue to their movements. This is pursued by others, and so man builds a tower, whose top reaches unto heaven, and

whence he surveys the universe. A like process extends knowledge on all sides. A pit shows us that the earth is composed of different strata, and we become curious about their origin, and are thus led to the discoveries of geology. Man stands by a sheet of water, and perceives a floating object, a fallen tree or branch, and curiosity prompts him to test its buoyancy; whereupon he is initiated in the mysteries of navigation. Such are the fruits of curiosity, and the humble beginnings of science, proceeding from investigation to acquirement, from experiment to discovery, and carrying us to attainments which seem without limit.

Perception unfolds also the faculty of Inference. What we perceive suggests a conclusion, sometimes decisive, sometimes conjectural, but always affording a reasoning basis. Reason claims proof, and this is sought by analysis or deduction, both a process of inference, and also forming the elements of logic. Or the subject may relate to numbers or magnitude, requiring demonstration, and then inference

derives the proof from mathematics. We see that numbers are unknown to the negro, but their elements are at his fingers' ends, and he has only to count these, and reach the master figure of ten, which has led inference to all the numbers beyond. We begin with the rule of thumb, and advance to the roots of the equations. Inference starts with syllables, and climbs to the Novum Organum. Undoubtedly it is open to error, and may mislead as well as guide, but it must then be inconsequent, and the result of imperfect consideration. Aristotle declared that two unequal weights would not fall from a level with the same velocity, but that the heavier would reach the bottom first, and his doctrine stood undisputed for two thousand years. Here is an example of an unconsidered inference—an assumption. But inference suggested an opposite conclusion to Gallileo, and he followed it to proof, by dropping two unequal balls from the tower of Pisa. The experiment refuted Aristotle, and established the true process of inference.

Perception develops another faculty in Contrivance, which is the supplement of inference, and embodies what inference outlines. Inference elicits the principle, and contrivance gives the action. Our faculties so depend on each other, that we can hardly say any is pre-eminent, but we owe most to contrivance; for this is the source both of our material comfort and material progress. Hence it is made indispensable, and we must perish if it be uncultivated. Man may remain naked, eat his food raw, and care for no dwelling, yet he must resort to contrivance. It is interesting to consider for what object such a faculty was first exercised. Possibly to procure fire; for fire is a first necessary, and man has left its traces in his oldest vestiges. It was obtained by the friction of two sticks, and this mode is still in use by races as far divided as the Indians of North America and the aborigines of Australia. We may wonder that it should survive, when flint operations pointed to an easier method, but it is characteristic of the

savage not to improve contrivance, and he adhered to his first rude process, though flints threw sparks in his eyes.

The next object of contrivance was a drinking-vessel, though many would continue to drink from the stream — a method I have been obliged to adopt myself in the wilderness. The calabash gave place to pottery, but not before contrivance had seized on flint, and wrought it into implements and weapons. And now we note the dawn of art. Pottery was moulded in lighter forms, and man no sooner fashioned weapons than he aimed at their ornamentation, polishing the surface, and giving the handles the shape of animals and plants. I have shown there is no ground for dividing the Stone Age into two epochs; nor for considering it exclusively stone at all; and it is certain that man progressed from the first in Europe. One of his oldest vestiges is charcoal, proving that he was not content with mere fuel, but drew on contrivance for improvement. Charcoal has been found two feet under the bottom of the

Tinière cone, in the lake of Geneva. Art dates from a period as remote; and one of the caves of the Somme has yielded a poniard, which shows that our French neighbours inherit their artistic taste from primeval times. The handle is cut out of a reindeer's horn, and the reindeer has also suggested the design, which represents the animal in a position to impart strength to the weapon, while displaying every limb. Other caves have thrown up sketches on bone, drawn with some pointed implement, and presenting figures of animals, sometimes carefully shaded. Here is the germ of the sculptures of Greece, the painting of Raphael, the pottery of Palissier and Wedgwood, and of that mechanical genius which has produced our manufactures, our machinery, and all the contrivances of civilization.

The coloured races have made little progress in contrivance, but their backwardness is the result of indifference rather than incapacity; for they are capable of ingenious workmanship. Captain Cook describes the liquor bowls of the

Tahitians as exhibiting both design and proportion, and being carved with artistic skill. The bowl was circular, and was often supported by human figures, disposed in attitudes suited to the purpose. Limb and form were carefully portrayed, and the figures preserved even the anatomy of the muscles, under the imposed weight. Savages would seem to possess an essential quality in art—lightness of touch; and Captain Cook mentions that the New Zealanders drilled a hole through glass, though they appeared to have no subtler implement than a piece of jasper. Disuse has dulled contrivance in the negro, but the faculty is not absent, and we derive no proof of incapacity from his inappreciation of the fine arts. Sculpture and architecture were contemned by Doctor Johnson, though he tolerated painting;[1] and there are living philosophers with the same taste—only it is not so candidly avowed.

The fine arts link contrivance with another faculty, which is sympathetic with inference, but

[1] Boswell's Life of Johnson.

is rarely its associate. Inference is a universal endowment. It may take a low form, and be of limited compass, but it holds a place in every mind. Comparatively few minds possess Imagination, except from impression—that is, their imagination is not innate, but taught. Hence it is void of contrivance, the power of creating and originating, and is simply a capability. All are endowed with the capability: it is the faculty that is rare. Inference we must have, because it is reason's eye, and dictates our actions. Moreover, it stores the mind with facts, and leads contrivance to mechanics, and whatever is material and practical. Imagination has a different function, and rather aims to lead us out of life—to spiritualise and refine, and morally regenerate. But mind and body are drawn closer at a point where mind is to be so potent, and imagination now links it with the senses, with every nerve and sensation, and the very substance of the brain. We can be brought to imagine a sound, a phantom, a blow, a disease, a scene, and an event. Such

capacities are seized by the body, when the body has gained the ascendancy, and imagination is made to deprave the mind, instead of being a means of elevation. Still, it is most powerful for good, particularly in connection with contrivance; for this union is the source of music, sculpture, painting, architecture, taste, variation of design and colour, and endless types of beauty, acquainting us with the forms of things unknown, and giving to airy nothings a local habitation and a name.

Such qualities seem irreconcilable with the sterner stuff of inference, and men of imagination are regarded as dreamers, incapable of action; while men of inference are pronounced matter-of-fact, and inaccessible to fancy. But there cannot be a doubt that the highest minds possess each faculty in proportion, only the one may be more tasked, and hence seem dominant. The association of the two is apparent in the mind of the greatest of poets, and in that of the greatest of mechanics. Imagination reaches its zenith in Shakespeare, yet his writings abound with

shrewd sense, knowledge of men and things, wide observation, depth of thought, and profound philosophy. The course of his history proves that he carried the same qualities into practical life. And what mechanic has surpassed Watt? Yet seventy years of mechanical pursuits left Watt a taste for the fine arts, and he produced several busts and statues, priding himself on being "a young artist of eighty-three." Indeed, a mind of stature must possess imagination, or sensibility to its influence, and we find it swaying even conquerors. Alexander made a pillow of the Iliad; Augustus was the companion of Virgil, Horace, and Ovid; Cæsar must have felt the influence of imagination, when he could simultaneously employ his ears to listen, his eyes to read, his hand to write, and his voice to dictate; Napoleon reverenced the Muses; and Wellington delighted in music. Imagination commands a proud following among our statesmen. Lord Derby has ruled the empire and popularised Homer; Mr. Gladstone has shown a kindred appreciation of Homer

conjointly with a mastery of finance; Mr. Disraeli unites skill in finance with skill in fiction; and Sir Bulwer Lytton has proved that the most difficult post in the cabinet may be filled by a poet and novelist.

Imagination permits us to be practical, even when it is dominant, and most affects character. It is true, character must rest on other faculties, gather from our occupation and habits, and take form from our measure of self-love, but these are the influences imagination is to counteract, and which its ministry of illusion and the arts tones and softens. And it is here that character, temper, and imagination equally come into action—at this point of fusion of the body and mind, where the mind acts by character, and the body by temper, while imagination should be the check or moderator, though it inclines to the side we have most accustomed to rule. We imagine a peril, and become timid or undecided; a duty, and are stedfast; a triumph, and are ambitious, venturous, or daring; all qualities of mind. And the same process

rules the temper; for we imagine a slight, and are indignant; an affront, and are enraged; or we yield to evil imaginations, and slay. The motive is self-love, but this must itself be prompted, and imagination fills the void.

The chief agents in the work are Conceit, Vanity, and Decision, which the imagination sets in motion, though under the correction of other qualities. Conceit is a low attribute, and the badge of presumption, or a vulgar personal appearance; vanity is less offensive, because it is based on something tangible, something achieved or possessed — a meritorious work or action, or the consciousness of personal beauty, means, or descent; and decision may operate either for good or ill, taking the form of constancy in the one case, and of obstinacy in the other. At first, conceit and vanity seem elements of confusion, or we may think such qualities created only to diversify character and mark our littleness, but we shall find that both have an office, and one of a high kind. Nor is conceit to be linked solely with ignorance. A degree of conceit lurks in

every breast, though it may be in relation to points hardly noticeable, and rarely coming into action —but which are springs of character, notwithstanding. Indeed, conceit is the motive-power in any work in which we aim at prominence or excellence; for such aim implies that we have confidence in our own capacity, and compare it favourably with that of others. This phase of conceit is necessary to the advancement of society, and failure does not make it a reproach, if the effort display a reasonable ability. Conceit has a beneficent action even where it looks odious. It is then the leveller of distinctions. It reconciles the undowered to his lot, prompting the imagination to embellish his person to his own eye, or glorify his mind: thus the satyr comes to think himself an Hyperion, and Bottom becomes a Solon. Such impersonation of conceit is hateful to the man of superior endowments: it raises his gorge, and provokes his scorn and derision. But here he is himself exhibiting conceit of a more repulsive form — exalting himself in

gifts independent of his own acquisition, and which his contempt for life's Bottoms proves that he overrates, and allows to blind him to his own insignificance.

The sympathies of the imagination are not confined to character and temper: they pervade our system, and the imagination responds to every emotion. It is even affected by the bodily health, assuming a corresponding tone, and engendering anxiety or melancholy, mental delusions, or madness. The sympathies with the mind present the same dangers, and the infection may come thence, when the body is sound, and may produce the like result. The mind sustains a shock or strain, or becomes depressed by solitude, and it recoils on the imagination. Our gloom may deepen, and grow to despair, picturing all the uses of this world as flat, stale, and unprofitable, and making us exclaim —"it is naught, it is naught!" Despair inflicts more suffering than madness, because it leaves us our reason. Both are haunted by the imagination, and the mind is only unhinged by

despair, while madness shatters. But the delusions of madness inspire the sufferer with confidence, as well as frenzy, and thus modify its terrors, which are further relieved by lucid intervals. Despair finds no confidence, and no interval of relief. It has lost sensibility to pleasure and appreciation of beauty; it sees neither comfort for the mind, nor resting-place for the foot; for all looks shadowy and unreal—life, the earth, and the heavens, and we feel a dread of we know not what—

> "Which way shall I fly?
> Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell!
> And in the lowest deep a lower deep
> Still threatening to devour me opens wide."

Endurance may snap under the strain, when man raises his hand against himself, and takes his own life — man alone, who possesses the resource of reason, and the refuge of God.

For do we not see God on every hand—alike in the fabric of the universe and this fabric of humanity? Let us look back at our survey of Man—the wonderful structure of his sensations,

the uses of his senses, the variety of his qualities and emotions, the purpose of his passions, the number and order of his faculties, the range of his motives, his aptitudes and capabilities, the unity of his body and mind, and their distinct character — the one material and tangible, the other insubstantial, yet even more sensitive: let us consider how part depends on part, and line upon line; and can we resist the conviction that Man is a creation, the handiwork of a Being all-wise, all-powerful, and all-provident? Indeed, we see that we bear a divine impress— that some of our qualities are God's reflection, and that we are touched with His very presence. For he has endowed us with CONSCIENCE, and this is so manifestly His inspiration that our great poet calls it "the Deity in the breast." Newton defines the instincts of animals as a direct intervention of God; and conscience embodies a like intervention in ourselves: wherefore, the conscience of civilised man is infallible. Degradation has marred it in the negro; and he is ruled by his sensations, impulses, and passions.

But we hear the still small voice, and cannot be led astray.

And now we understand why the structure of our nature is so complicated and intricate—linking faculty with faculty, and here giving strength to passion, here to impulse, and there to quality or emotion, embracing checks and restraints and conflicting tendencies, so that the divergence seems to refine away reason itself. The object is to leave us freedom of action; for reason would else have no field, and only by the freedom of reason can we be accountable beings. But freedom tempts, and reason falters, so we are given a safeguard in Conscience. It may be said that even conscience errs, and has really led man to the blackest crimes. We may do wrong, and yet wish to be right, and think we are performing a duty. Let us not lay this flattering unction to our souls. We cannot do wrong, if we defer to the testimony of conscience, for mistake is here impossible. We may deceive ourselves, and charge conscience with what is due to other influences—to pride,

policy, casuistry, exasperation at opposition, or the persuasion of counsellors; but the deception is wilful. How can it be otherwise, when the whole law of conscience is comprised in seven words, decreeing only that we should do as we would be done by. Let a nice point create a doubt, and needs but to refer it to this test, when there can be no misconception. But the doubt itself is a decision—and we may recognise the still small voice, resisting our inclinations, and declaring for the right. Allow that conscience may delude, and the Jews are justified for the crucifixion of the Messiah; man ceases to be accountable, good and evil lose their distinction, and all the restraints of our nature are purposeless.

Conscience is a witness for itself. It is not only our monitor before offence, but our accuser afterwards, and then our judge. We may have been deaf to its counsel, but we must hear its impeachment, and its judgment finds us self-condemned. And what can equal the terrors of an evil conscience!—spectres at the banquet, sha-

dows at the bedside, and as present in a crowd as in solitude. Circumstances may hold them back, but they will find their opportunity, though it be in the bridal chamber, and better there than the chamber of death. Delay is nothing; for the punishment is prepared, and we carry it in our own bosom. Remorse comes in a day when we look not for it, and an hour that we are not aware of, and appoints our portion. How Remorse originates is a mystery, nor do we know its process, nor precisely what it is. It is not sorrow for the offence, but sorrow that the offence should be a burden, entailing self-reproach, gloom and danger—sorrow that memory embalms the misdeed, and keeps its dead body in our sight. This harrows the most brutal, driving them to seek escape in the stupor of intoxication, in action or confession, or by delivering themselves up to justice, or resorting to suicide. In truth, such remorse rests only in the grave.

But the function of conscience is to reclaim as well as punish, and may lead Remorse to Re-

pentance. Remorse is concern for ourselves: repentance takes us out of ourselves, and is grief for the offence, and sympathy for the injured. Remorse is fierce or sullen; repentance meek and given to tears; remorse flies from memory, repentance makes her a companion, recalls what has been misdone, and follows it through every thread and consequence. Remorse would be forgiven to avoid punishment; repentance sues forgiveness, but is willing to suffer, thinking more of the wrong than the penalty.

Such is the feeling by which conscience satisfies justice, and redeems humanity, raising it to another nature. It is true, repentance is not divested of self-love, because self-love is inseparable from the recognition of self, but now it is refined to a sentiment, and exists only as grief that we are sullied. Conscience is aided by imagination, and this inspires self-sacrifice, by which we seem regenerated, and the dross is cast from the foulest minds. Repentance may be brief or permanent, according to the degree of the offence, but its pangs always

subside; for the conviction of our repentance brings relief. In fact, it possesses the blessed quality of absolution — and nowhere can we obtain absolution but from Conscience.

The divine nature of conscience is verified in a fourth function: it gives us Fortitude. Thus it guides, punishes, absolves, and sustains. Fortitude is a quality which enables us to bear unmerited distress — whether from reproach, contempt, or misrepresentation, calamity or bereavement, or personal suffering. It supports us under the ills of poverty, and the anguish of failure: it turns the edge of misfortune, tempers pain, and softens the bitterness of sorrow. The struggle for existence tramples us under foot, and fortitude raises us up, and starts us anew. We lie under a false charge, and endure all the odium of punishment, and fortitude lends dignity to our bearing, tranquillity to the mind, and endurance to the body. Fortitude has reconciled the slave to his chain, the patriot to the block, and the martyr to the stake. It is the highest form of self-love, consciousness of

right—the approval of conscience! And this is light in the darkest pit, and freedom in the deepest dungeon, comfort in agony, strength in sickness, and confidence in death.

Such is our nature, body and soul! And has it all grown out of nothing?—by accident, or self-acting laws, which is another term for chance?—all this symmetry, this harmony, this elaborate mechanism, at once embodied and insubstantial, endued with will, consciousness, and reason, shaped to purpose, and having neither deficiency nor redundance. Alas! where are our eyes, that we see not, and our ears that we do not understand? How we mistake science, which surrounds us with testimonies, and never gives uncertain light! How the body drags down the spirit to its own level, and lets it be nothing but flesh, nor see beyond! Nor need we really look further. Our condition in life may leave us unacquainted with the vastness of the universe, and its faultless structure—we may be too unobservant to note the phenomena of nature, and too ignorant to appreciate her

beauty; but we all gaze inward, we all feel the ministry of Conscience, and can perceive it is divine. And here we find HOPE—the sister of Fortitude, but with a wider mission; for it ministers to joy, as well as grief, and lends equal support with a happier touch. Hope is for all conditions—for the highest and brightest, and the lowest and meanest: it lights our birth and our life, alleviating sorrow and smoothing difficulty; it cheers us in poverty or defeat, animates our love, and smiles on our nuptials, and we resign it only with our latest breath—

"White as a white sail on a dusky sea,
When half the horizon's clouded and half free,
Fluttering between the dim wave and the sky,
Is Hope's last gleam in man's extremity."

The poet gives Hell its blackest shade when he says who enters there leaves Hope behind; and Guido paints Hope as a beautiful maiden, with her bosom open, her hands clasped, and her tearful eyes upturned, drawing their light from Heaven. This seems to be the sentiment

of the Apostle, when he wishes his flock to be "abounding in hope," and describes the Almighty as the "God of hope." Such is His form in our breast, or we were of all creatures the most miserable, but herein we live, and move, and have our being; for Hope always points to the Future, as if there we are to be consoled, and as if it is there alone that happiness will be found.

CHAPTER IX.

OF SPEECH AND LANGUAGE.

THE endowments of Man are completed by the faculty of Speech. Speech is given to him alone, and would mark his distinct nature, if this were not otherwise apparent. Speech implies thought, and the power of expressing and interchanging thought, and thus attests a rational being. Indeed, its significance cannot be exaggerated, nor hardly estimated; for some of its uses escape perception. The faculty links every other, and is the very key of our existence. There is nothing too hard for its utterance, nor beyond its grasp of delivery, and it is potent to expound the deepest mysteries. It gives a name to objects, describes actions, and delineates scenes and events, it reveals the emotions, and is the channel of the affections; it mirrors

memory; and it expresses thought as this rises in the mind. The medium of utterance is supplied by the body; but the process of speech is mental, and furnishes an irresistible proof of the existence of the Soul.

The spirituality of speech will be more apparent on comparing speech with Voice. Voice is possessed by brutes, though in a limited degree, and also within a defined circle of species, but the range is sufficient to lend a harmony to Nature. It thus averts what would be a painful stillness, and would impart horror to solitudes, and solemnity to the loveliest scenes. But these scenes have a Voice of a hundred tones, those solitudes wake with sounds, and Nature is animated by a concert of her creatures. It rises from forest and valley and mountain side, crawls on the ground, and soars in the air, everywhere uttering some note —the hum of the insect, the warblings and cries of birds, the bleat of the sheep and lamb, the low of the ox, the neigh of the horse, the varied bark of the dog, the hiss of the serpent,

and the howling of wild beasts. The Voice bears a relation to the scene, and almost seems its echo; for it is amidst the green fields that we hear the song of the nightingale, and we recognise the wilderness in the Nemæan lion's roar. And each of these specific forms of voice has a meaning, now denoting pleasure or alarm, now anger, and now impatience, and now thirst or hunger. But it never compasses speech; it reveals no indication of mind; it is simply the voice of Sensation.

This voice of sensation is also possessed by man, and is distinct from his faculty of speech. Nor is it so restricted in him as in brutes, some of which utter but one note, while the variations never exceed three, and express but pleasure, pain, or agitation. The voice takes more range in singing birds, and none of us can forget the modulations of the nightingale, and the notes of the lark and linnet. But the range is in melody, not expression, and the sweetest of songsters is always plaintive, while the lark and linnet have no theme but enjoyment.

The voice of man affords sensation a compass of expression, giving a separate cry to pleasure and pain, a shout to joy, a moan to anguish, a touching sob to grief, an ejaculation to surprise, and a stirring exclamation to passion.

But all this is apart from speech, which has another mode of utterance, and a higher vocation. The complement of speech is Language, and its office is to enable man to tell his whole heart, and live in communion. At the same time, he possesses the option of reserve, and even disguise, and may make speech the vehicle of the grossest deception. So effective is this power, that a great diplomatist has said that language was given to conceal our thoughts. Thus speech appears in the same category as smiles and tears, and is seen to be a mental operation, using the vocal chords as a medium of utterance, but without concert of design. The vocal chords are as the chords of an instrument, touched by an invisible power —by the Soul; and they deliver what the soul prompts, not what is in the soul, and which the

soul chooses to suppress. Speech and smiles and tears bind man to man, and insure him an unlimited power of sympathy and intercourse, but they also guard his individuality, and seal his freedom. Society would be unendurable if every man wore his heart upon his sleeve; for the wicked would appear too monstrous, and the weak too impotent, so a divine forecast provides these safeguards, and rather trusts our frailty than our virtue. Nature leaves the body naked, but the mind is robed in language, and may veil itself in smiles or tears. It is better that there should be a sprinkling of liars and hypocrites than a reign of terror, and the power of abuse is both checked by self-respect, and awed by responsibility. We may deceive others, but ourselves we cannot deceive, and every idle word spoken entails self-abasement, and must be accounted for hereafter.

The Positivists affirm that speech is not an endowment of Man, but an acquirement, perfected through ages, and perpetuated by instruction; and they contend that primitive

man possessed no means of communion but gesture. Gesture is said to have suggested speech, and to be still dominant among uncivilized races, a proof of its priority, and of the mode by which speech was developed. But this statement is without foundation, and even the reverse of the fact. Gesture is most used by those races which the theory represents as using it least—that is, by nations possessing the fullest vocabulary, the freest utterance, and the highest degree of civilization. Thus we find it distinguishing the French and Italians, while it is strange to an Englishman, who is sparing of words, so ought to be profuse of gesture. Nor is it a characteristic of uncivilized races. I have mixed with varieties of the coloured family, down to the lowest type, and rarely observed a resort to gesture, while I never witnessed difficulty in articulation, except in the pronunciation of a foreign tongue. Gesture is used by the negro, but chiefly when excited, and then not from lack of words; for he is most prone to gesture when his speech is a gabble. On the

other hand, the French make gesture a part of speech: they blend it with their words, but not because these lack force, for their language is conspicuous for expressiveness, and they speak with a clearness impossible to mistake. Their use of gesture is dictated by their national character, which is impulsive, and the same cause prompts it in the Italian, who is impassioned, and the negro, who is excitable. Then where is the ground for considering gesture the root of speech? It would rather appear that speech has developed gesture.

Nor is speech perpetuated by instruction: it were as true to say that instruction perpetuates hearing or smell; for both these senses are almost dormant at our birth. They are perfect as to the organs, but they are not organised. So it is with speech: the infant possesses the apparatus, but this requires unfolding, and we see him straining at the task, and delivering himself in murmurs, working out utterances. He is impelled to speak, and his efforts unlock the vocal chords, and give the proper aptitude

to the tongue. The operation is spontaneous, not taught: it is the work of Nature. What he is taught is language. Speech is a birthright: language is acquired; but language is merely a consequence of the previous existence of speech.

Theories of the origin of language can rest only on conjecture. It must be allowed that the first men came into the world adults: therefore, with matured powers, and possessed of all their faculties; and we may conclude that the faculty they first exercised was speech. Objects would excite exclamations, and the exclamation became the object's name, as men saw the necessity for a common agreement of terms, and the advantage of colloquial intercourse. Language seems the growth of such a proceeding, and this origin accords with the testimony of Moses, who makes the award of names the first employment of Adam. "And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call

them, and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof."[1] So early did Man learn that he was to depend on himself — that his resources were in his faculties, and that he must exercise his invention, or perish. God endued him with speech: it was for himself to provide language.

Man has a disposition to coin words, though his tendency is more towards variation, and both causes have contributed to multiply languages, and give a distinct tongue to every region. This growth of dialects was a powerful agent in dispersing man over the earth, and then tended to fix his residence, and gather him in nations. Nature contrives nothing without a purpose, and the purpose usually conduces to another, which is corrective of the first. A common language formed both a social bond and a national barrier, dividing people from people, and raising an obstacle to their subjugation. Certainly it contracted intercourse, but circumstances made this an advantage,

[1] Genesis ii. 19.

forcing man to seek resources in his own neighbourhood, and exercise his ingenuity, while he brought to light the products of the earth. Nature did not intend that there should be a dead level of uniformity, but he was to be stimulated by difficulty, taught by discovery, and encouraged to explore and invent. Diversity of languages furthered other objects as he progressed. The products of one country were the wants of another, and generated traffic; and traders could only communicate with foreigners by mastering their language. Memory required aid, and hence arose a practice of denoting words by signs, which passed through different stages, but gradually took a definite form, and bestowed the precious gift of LETTERS.

Doubtless the same result was promoted by other causes, and signs came to be used for monumental inscriptions, and as a means of registry. Mankind already possessed an oral literature. This had come down by tradition, and been disseminated by songs, the first conquest of language. Woman recognised the

melody of her voice, caught an inspiration from the songs of birds, and taught herself a scale of notes, which animated her primeval home. It is not till fifteen centuries before Christ that we find mention of songs, but then they are a usage, and the singer is also a poetess. "And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord; for he hath triumphed gloriously." The same occasion presents Miriam as a musician, playing timbrels, and leading Hebrew dances,[1] so that here woman possesses the three accomplishments which are still the crown of the sex, and with which she may have charmed man in the first generation.

Dr. Burney is of opinion that the first music was metrical,[2] and thus it was that language made another step, and achieved poetry. The Muse was cultivated by both sexes, and found expression in religious songs and in lays of pastoral life, sung at festive gatherings, and during the labours of the day. Feats of the chase furnished a new theme, and added the

[1] Exodus xv. 20, 21. [2] History of Music.

element of romance, while the expansion of society brought war, and gave poetry an heroic character. Sir Gardner Wilkinson considers the Egyptians were acquainted with the triple symphony in music: "the harmony of instruments, of voices, and of voices and instruments," and it was their custom to introduce such performances at their banquets.[1] Poetry here became the minister of sentiment, passion, and fancy, but it was also a portrayer of the beauties of nature, and the harbinger of art. It combated barbarism, and fostered civilization, diffusing new ideas, while it quickened perception, and deepened and refined emotion. The words of the poet both opened the heart, and expanded the mind, and a song thrilled memory with the pathos of home, humanising the sternest breast. Little remains to us of those primitive effusions, and that little is of the later era, but it is enough to indicate what we have lost, and how deeply poetry influenced mankind. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer were the lore

[1] Ancient Egyptians, 1.

of the youth of Greece, and they are the lore of schools in the present day; we still reverence the verse of Hesiod, and the *Book of Job* is a canon of our religion. Poetry has passed through a hundred generations, and remained true to its office, nor is it too much to say that its hymns, ballads, and lays are the very sources of human feeling, and as potent at this hour as in any era of the world.

Language made another acquisition in History, which we have seen had become a necessity, and had virtually compelled the invention of letters. Man grew ambitious to perpetuate the memory of his own age, and curious about the past; he collected traditions, chronicled events, and registered observations; he visited other countries, and gained a knowledge of their boundaries and features, their systems of religion, philosophy, and government, the manners and habits of the people, and the products of the soil; and all these subjects were fused in a narrative, which based history on cosmogony and geography. Thus the Historic

Muse established an undying influence. Exactly 2300 years have passed since Herodotus appeared at the Olympic games, and publicly read his history, and imagination may recall the shouts of the audience, as they decreed that the nine sections of the narrative should be named from the Nine Muses. How sublime is such a tribute to merit, when we know the world would pronounce the same decree now,—if the author possessed influential friends!

The lessons of history are manifest in the present government of the world. They have not the wide influence of poetry, but they possess more authority, and they leave visible monuments. Napoleon exalted poetry above history when he declared that he cared not who made the laws of a people, if he composed the ballads, and it must be owned that history does not mould mankind, however it may enlighten. Perhaps England is the only country to which history has given institutions, and which looks to it for her policy, but other nations do show its impress, though in a form

less practical. Nor can we doubt that it has helped to shape the characters which figure in its pages, and whose career has provided it with incidents, nor that the study of these incidents expands the mind, and elevates our aspirations. Somebody has ascribed happiness to the nation which possesses no history, as if such a nation could be. But history is an inspiration; for civilization is built on that long record of trial and struggle and noble passion, and man without history would be a mariner without a chart, helpless, lost, and distracted.

History addresses the mind, and poetry both the mind and heart, but language acquired a lighter gift when it shaped Fiction. Fiction sometimes conveyed instruction, and sometimes awoke emotion, but always aimed to amuse. It first took the form of the apologue, and imputed the actions of men to plants or animals, which were endued with speech, and represented as rational beings. Holy Writ supplies an example of the apologue of a date as early as thirteen centuries before Christ, and the fable of

"The Trees"[1] displays a literary art, which later ages have produced nothing of the kind to surpass. We all remember the force of the apologue of the prophet Nathan,[2] B.C. 1000. This was four centuries before the world acquired the fables of Æsop—those marvels of wit, observation, and satire. The use of the apologue continued, and travelled from the East to the West, where it became equally popular, and an apologue quelled a sedition of the Romans, and saved the commonwealth. The Parables of our Lord gave a new form to fiction, devolving the action on men and women, and thus deepening the interest. The story seized attention by its portrayal of the actual incidents of life, its reflection of the heart's own characteristics, and its appeal to the sympathies of every human being. A few words stamped indelibly on the mind a picture of life, which everyone recognised, and which embraced a narrative replete with character, interest, and pathos—a narrative applicable to all ages of the

[1] Judges ix. 8. [2] 2 Samuel xii. 1.

world, simple enough to be understood by a child, and so deep as to impress the philosopher. How sublime is the "Prodigal Son," and who has not responded to the words—"I will arise and go to my Father!" What a touch of nature in the son who refused to obey his father's command, but repented, and went; and in the son who promised to obey, and went not! What parallels may not the present day afford to the stories of the "Good Samaritan," "Dives and Lazarus," and the "Unmerciful Creditor," and how the worldly man still lays up store, and forgets that his soul may be required to-night!

Such examples show us the capabilities of fiction, while they attest its power, and the development it gives to language. And never did it exercise a wider influence than now. The present rage for fiction must produce a result, though the process may be slow, and only complete in the next generation. We must count on some evil, but the scope of the effect will be good; for the expansion of the imagination tends to open the heart, and the enlistment of

feeling for imaginary beings must train us to a living sympathy. Critics differ as to the office of fiction, and few agree as to the mode of construction, yet both points seem to be laid down in its primitive conceptions. The first aim must be to excite an interest, and the story must conjoin this end with unity, probability, and purpose, representing what will be recognised as a picture of life, and leaving the characters to exhibit their hues in the action, while the story should take a course that will point a moral without marring the tale. Such is the plan we may see followed in some novels, and they have obtained an appreciation independently of panegyric, and will keep their place.

Language would seem to have made as important an acquisition in the drama, but the drama has never produced the impression of fiction, nor won the same attention. The performance of a drama never saved a commonwealth, and the dramas of the ancients are known only to scholars, while every child reads

Æsop's fables. But we must not conclude that the drama is without influence. Shakespeare's plays have done more to mould England than all her novels, and are language's greatest monument—of course, excepting Holy Writ. But put aside the mark of Shakespeare, and the drama can point to no effect on society, nor to any work of universal acceptance. Language has developed a power; art has given this a form, and surrounded it with attractions; man has contributed action and passion, and woman beauty, and the whole result is as the blaze of a rocket. Nor can we be in doubt as to the reason of its failure—for we see that the drama has been false to its vocation. Its master taught that it was to hold the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure. It had but to adopt this standard, and it would have left an impress on mankind, but such end is not to be reached by silly burlesques, clap-trap melodramas, impossible farces, and catchpenny

shows. The drama has sunk to chronicle small beer, and must be content with insignificance.

A greater power accrued to language in oratory, which enabled it to reach every order of mind, and to appeal at once to the feelings, fancy, aspirations, interests, and passions of mankind. The invention of printing diffused the treasures of literature, and terminated this ascendancy, but oratory encountered no rival in primeval ages, and was as potent in classic times. It is impossible to exaggerate its effect as an instrument of civilization. Oratory it was that first appealed to the multitude—caught the ear of the many, and sought to raise their mind to the speaker's own level. It acquainted them with refined language, with high thoughts, and noble feelings: it taught them to look out of themselves, and see what was around and beyond. The voice was of persuasion; the words were of fire or of honey; and the theme was one for which the voice and words could enlist every hearer. And we may say

that oratory has always been the champion of right and truth. Defaults there could not but be, but oratory took man's dignity for its inspiration, and the maintenance of this has ruled the sum of its efforts. Thus it has bearded the tyrant on his throne, snatched the victim from the scaffold, pleaded the cause of the helpless, and led nations to freedom. It has built up laws, established justice, wrestled with ignorance and superstition, and disseminated religion. These aims direct its accents, whether we recall our Saviour at Jerusalem, and St. Paul at Athens, or turn to lower spheres, and listen to Demosthenes in Greece, Cicero at Rome, and Luther at Worms, to our own Jeremy Taylor, Wesley, and Whitfield, or our Chatham, Burke, and Brougham. So it has happened that language preserved to man communion of soul in the darkest ages. Poetry died, history fell under eclipse, the drama disappeared, and fiction gave over the mind to giants and enchanters, but knowledge retained a minister in oratory. The words were faint at

first, but they grew louder; they burst from Wickliffe and gushed from Rienzi; they swept the lyres of Dante and Petrarch; and again Man awoke to truth, liberty, and poetry.

The invention of printing has illumined language, giving it a ministry of light as well as speech; and now we see its office in the full extent. Homer could only explain the inequalities of human endowment by placing Jove between two coffers of gifts and representing the gifts of one coffer as good, and those of the other as baneful, while the deity endowed souls with the good or bad indifferently, leaving the result to chance. But the inequality exhibits a purpose to ourselves, and attaches a divine aim to language. The requirements of life forbid a uniformity of endowment, which would make us all philosophers or poets, while they demand also artists, students, mechanics, navigators, traders, and labourers, and it is necessary that our faculties should be not only varied but proportioned, so that we may be adapted to a certain sphere. Thus the Apostle says "there

are diversities of gifts, and there are diversities of operations, but the same God, which worketh all in all."[1] God works by language! This He makes redress the inequality of endowments, and open the faculties of the highest mind to the lowest—for which of us may it not acquaint with the wisdom of Solomon, Plato, and Aristotle, the pathos of Homer, the grasp of Bacon, the grace and depth of Shakespeare, the discoveries of Kepler and Newton, and the fancy of Scott? Diversities of gifts must continue, but inequalities of intelligence need not be, and will vanish with the progress of time. Language is advancing the work, and is propelled by thought, preserved from the first invention of letters, and which has survived dome-capped towers, and gorgeous palaces, and the rise and fall of empires. For these things were of the body, and perishable, but language and thought are of the soul, and will outlast the great globe itself.

[1] 1 Corinth. xii. 4, 6.

CHAPTER X.

OF RELIGION AND THE DEITY.

We have followed man through all his stages, and now see him at his highest, exercising his faculties, and crowned with attainments. His social condition is veiled in the first generations, but we may conclude that it was of the simplest character, and owed little to knowledge. All traditions mention such an age, and it seems to be represented by the inhabitants of the Antilles at the time of their discovery, and when they exhibited the virtues described at page 120 ante. "So loving, so tractable, so peaceable are these people," adds Columbus, "that I swear to your majesties there is not in the world a better nation, nor a better land. They love their neighbours as themselves; and their discourse is

ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied with a smile, and, though it is true that they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy."[1]

Man could know little of the arts till he learnt the use of the metals, and we have no means of conjecturing the date of this acquirement. Moses has embalmed the oldest traditions of our race, and he seems to assign it to the sixth generation from Adam,[2] but the genealogy preserves no reckoning of years. One thing is certain that man possessed some knowledge of metallurgy from a primeval date. Our first moment of progress is marked by the registry of astronomical observations at Babylon, and bears the date of 2234 B.C. according to Usher. This step affected only the higher order of intellects, being made a mystery, and a means of enslaving the world. The scourge of the day was power; knowledge was power; and it furnished the student with a defence from force. Thus grew up a practice of disguising things by

[1] Irving's Life of Columbus, ii. [2] Genesis iv. 22.

signs: and sages blocked the avenues to learning, while priests distorted religion, and truth disappeared.

Man cannot live without religion. He is a spiritual being, and religion is his one instinct, the only knowledge resting on an inspiration in his soul, and which nothing can eradicate. There are moments when it sways the wildest materialist, and it is found in the lowest savage. Dr. Burchell thought religion was unknown to the Bushman, and I hesitate to differ from such an authority, but there is certainly a religious observance in the Bushman's dance.[1] Hall mentions that the religion of the Esquimaux is embodied in dances, and the dance was a religious ministration in primitive times. Miriam led the Hebrew women in a religious dance, and David danced before the ark, when it was carried to Jerusalem. These dances were triumphal, and so is the Bushman's, or the Bushman's may be

[1] I lament that I never discussed this point with the eminent traveller, who was one of my most valued friends; but our conversation rarely touched on his travels.

partly Bacchanalian, but it also presents something mystic, and left an indelible impression on my mind. The dancer turned in circles, and kept his arm above his head, in the form of a bow, and both figures might be symbolic, while he carolled a chaunt, like the dancers of Israel. I believe that we here see the last trace of religion in man.

But is the universality of a religious sentiment a proof that religion is divine? Not in itself, certainly: it is rather a ground for caution, inasmuch as it may be the result of training, disposing us to superstition. Is the impression from man, or is it from the Deity? We are unable to believe it is from the Deity, on a first view. We recall His majesty; we remember the immensity of the universe; we see the infinity of life, and our own insignificance; and it seems incredible that a Being so exalted should award us such consideration. That He should deign to communicate with man, that He should be interested in our concerns, that He should note our actions, that He should frame laws for our guidance, and

hold out to us a destiny—these suppositions appear simply impossible. But we form this conclusion without reflecting that it is disproved by our condition, and by all nature. Everywhere we behold a providence, but nowhere more than in the progress of Man, and the adaptation of man's endowments to his requirements. The bee is not left without direction: she is led by a knowledge which we see to be divine, because it is perfect. And can we think that as much care is not extended to man, when we observe the forethought with which our faculties are shaped to correct each other, and make us conscious that we are accountable beings? Were the first men placed in the world with this sense of responsibility, and left without a standard of right? Logic rejects such an assumption, and we must believe that they shared the universal enlightenment, and understood their destiny. Illumination took the form of instinct in brutes: Man acquired it from Revelation.

This is the conclusion of reason and the inference from probability, but should a fact so momentous be open to dispute? It is as easy for the Creator to communicate with man now, as in the primitive world, and a communication now would dispel all doubt. We forget that such a course would be consistent neither with the majesty of the Deity, nor the purpose of our faculties, nor the stability of nature. The communication must be of a character to arrest all mankind to be effective, and even then must depend on testimony, since it would be addressed to a single age. How would the next generation of Americans be persuaded that the Deity thundered to Europe from Vesuvius, and promulgated there a series of commandments? And could there be such an event without the earthquake, the whirlwind, and the fire? These are the Deity's terrors, not His oracles, and He addresses us through other agencies.

Nor is it for the Creator of the universe to be ever exclaiming "Behold me!" and "lo here!" and "lo there!" Enough that He is visible

everywhere, if He be looked for. We may fly away on the wings of the morning, and they will bear us to His presence in the uttermost depths of the earth; we meet Him at the furthest limit of the Heavens; we might go down to Hell, and even there He would be traceable. Sir Isaac Newton says He is "immovable"—that is, He is on every side, around, above, and through all space; and the philosopher can only signify such ubiquity by this word, here so awful. To search for God is to interrogate Nature, and we are thus brought to unveil her secrets, and advance civilization, at the same time unfolding destiny. This is the office of our faculties—to inquire and scrutinise, delve and explore, and no other process could have led man to his present attainments. The world would have lost its richest treasures of thought but for this problem, and we could never have understood God's majesty, nor the spirit of His dealings. The uncertainty prompted investigation; intellect was quickened, science expanded, and age on age accumulated impressions of the Deity,

bringing Him nearer and nearer, and disclosing His true image. So He obtains the service most acceptable to such a Being—the worship of recognition.

And now we can attach a value to the circumstance of a religious sentiment being universal; for we see that it may be intuitive, even though it be linked with tradition. The tradition brought down the primitive faith in a corrupt form, but this satisfied the instinct, which asked only a deity. At the same time, it could not be pleasing to God, and we may conceive that He would interpose, and restore religion its purity. Man must be left to his faculties, but knowledge was yet too limited to afford him a means of judgment, and the deficiency claimed a Revelation, which would enshrine the lineaments of the Creator, and preserve a Testament to future time. Knowledge would work round to this beacon, and recognise the truth through its own conceptions. But man had inherited a revelation already, and proved false to the trust, making religion a

curse instead of a blessing. Hence we may conceive that revelation would now be conveyed by a new channel—no longer through mankind, but through a single man, marked out by his virtues. The truth would pass to his descendants, but the tendency to corruption must reappear, and reason suggests that it would be checked by monitions, delivered in later ages. What we consider to be probable accords with what is said to have occurred. A revelation was made to Abraham, and repeated to Moses, and then guarded by a succession of prophets. Is this alleged revelation genuine? It descends to us through forty centuries, hallowed by time, and crowned with the reverence of generations, and these are undoubted claims to weight. But they are not credentials — they afford no proof of divine origin, and whence can such proof be obtained?

The proof must come from the Book itself. It will be manifest, if the Book be divine: no sophistry can make it pass, if the Book be of man. For we have to remember that this

Testament descends to us from an era of the grossest darkness, when the mass of mankind knew not their right hand from their left, and it must now sustain the test of all the wisdom of the Academies. Knowledge has reached the point at which it can *recognise the truth through its own conceptions.* The faculties ask a beacon, but the beacon must be one they can accept, and which gives no uncertain light. Is this presented by the Bible?

Let us recall the composition of the Old Testament. It opens with an account of the primeval world, embodying what was known of the subject in early ages, but nowhere professing to be a revelation from Heaven; then follow the traditions of the family of Abraham, a record of the call and mission of Moses, and narratives of the history of the Jews, conjoined with the testimonies of the Prophets. We at once see that a portion of the Volume is open to exception. What pretension to revelation can be advanced for the histories? The Jews were an elect people, and their doings

were controlled by an overruling Providence, the Power that shapes the ends of all nations, whatever their course. But we cannot suppose that Heaven intervened to acquaint them with their history, nor could intervention be needed; for Scribes recorded the events as they occurred. And these narratives are the most striking in existence; for they exhibit an innate truthfulness, attested by candour of detail and impartial portraiture. But it is not here that we are to look for the lineaments of the Deity. Such chronicles must reflect the barbarism of their epoch, and this will impute to God the actions of men — men blinded by zeal, and mistaking fanaticism for inspiration. It is idle to say *we should view them differently if we could see further;* such language might cover any atrocity, and it cannot persuade men that God would stoop to falsehood,[1] that He ordered the slaughter of infants on the breast,[2] that He sanctioned the execution of innocent men,[3] and

[1] 1 Kings xii. 22. [2] 1 Samuel xv. 3.
[3] 2 Samuel xxi. 1, 4.

that He first incited David to number his subjects, and then scourged the people for his compliance.[1] The recitals present too vivid a likeness of Man, but none of his Maker.

We turn to the remainder of the Volume—the Law and the Prophets, and here we can be under no difficulty. The two tables of the law were promulgated in a barbarous age, 3500 years ago, and they will partake of the time if they are of human invention, and be incompatible with modern usages. But a divine origin will give them a different character, a character applicable to all time and every development of society; inasmuch as it will embody whatever is necessary to the elevation and happiness of mankind. And this standard the Law realises. What it was thirty-five centuries ago it still is—the embodiment of equity and every human duty. Philosophy can suggest no improvement, science no addition, nor is there one injunction we can subtract. The Ten Commandments

[1] 2 Samuel xxiv. 1, 11, 13.

are the code of civilization, and the basis alike of morals, religion, and society.

The testimonies of the Prophets must be tried by the same balance, and the same test. It is obvious that they and the Law will accord, if they are of one origin; but we may expect the Prophets will be more explicit—that they will rather present the law in its spirit, and so guard its purity, at the same time giving a fuller revelation of the Deity. This would seem their natural mission, and it is precisely what they compass. And now we perceive the significance of the sacred histories. The histories portray God under a cloud—darkly, as in the brazen mirror of a barbarous age, but the oracles of the prophets are as the mirrors of our own age, clear and definite, and reflect His majesty. Here is no slaughterer of babes, but One who "abhors the bloodthirsty man;" no meddler with falsehood, but One who "requires truth in the inward parts," no destroyer of the innocent, but the helper to right of them who

suffer wrong. The histories have all the hues of the times; their story is violence, and some of their best characters are zealots. Thus do we see how the Word of God was corrupted by traditions. Scribes repeated His commandments; singers rehearsed His goodness; priests recited His attributes; and all was as if these things were undreamt of. Man knew by rote, but could not realise, and he thought the Father of an Infinite Majesty was even such an one as himself. Eyes had they, and saw not, and ears, yet did not understand. Hence the necessity for the Prophets, and their recurring vindications of the character of God, showing this was misunderstood, and could only be appreciated by inspiration. So there is a relation between the testimonies and histories, and we admit the propriety of their association, one being a witness to the other—this a witness by contrast, and that by censure. The two are interleaved, and cannot be divided.

The impress of revelation reappears in the Psalms— those divine hymns, which imaged

God three thousand years ago, and eclipse our highest conceptions of Him now. It is impossible to overrate these productions, or the good they have effected in the world, and their power over the mind. Their words seem more than human, and give comfort in sorrow, fortitude in sickness, and hope in death. They open our sympathies, and awaken a response in our deepest feelings; for there is no condition of life to which they do not minister. All feel the spell—the King in his palace, and the cotter in his hut, the haughty noble and the grasping trader, and they have the same effect on the philosopher, soldier, and outcast. There are psalms of every tone, and we echo their accents of repentance as readily as their bursts of fervour, or their strain of exultation. For we meet the very thoughts we would express, in a form we could never equal, and which discloses our Maker, while it unveils ourselves.

So the pages of revelation follow each other, and constitute one Volume of enlightenment, using now the language of command and now

of persuasion, now of promise and now of threat. All is unstrained, and all is beneficent; for we have but to do this, and live. The course of duty is laid down, and it imposes on us but one task—to consider the common weal in our own. The enactments of the Law enjoin nothing else, and this is the teaching of the prophets, and the whole counsel of God. Nor can the most captious deny that the scheme is commensurate to the end, and as practical as comprehensive, exacting nothing but what may be accomplished in every stage of society, and every station. For we are all equal before God, and all are enjoined the same line of duty.

Other religions fall into disuse, wearing themselves out, and losing their hold of mankind. They were devised for a particular age, and bear its impress, embodying ideas which were then practicable, but which represent only a current intelligence. And their influence is pernicious—first, because they diffuse false doctrines, depraving the mind, and enthralling

its faculties: secondly, because they impose a limit to knowledge, and so forbid progress. We look for other characteristics in a divine religion. This will possess a capacity of expansion, so as to fit every age, and will leave the road to knowledge open. The purpose of the Creator is to force us to advance: wherefore a revelation will be elementary—stating our derivation from Him, and our moral and religious duty, but imposing no check on our faculties. It was useless to tell a primitive age the mysteries of Creation, and the immensity of Nature, or to acquaint it with the laws of natural phenomena; for the facts could not be reconciled with appearances. Columbus terrified the Indians by foretelling an eclipse of the sun, and Joshua availed himself of the occurrence of a solar phenomenon to inspirit the Hebrews, creating an impression that he compelled the sun to stand still, but what would have been the effect had either Columbus or Joshua taught that the motion was in the earth? The proba-

bility is that Columbus would have been burnt alive, and Joshua stoned.

The limited knowledge of man claimed the same judgment in religion. A low intelligence looks to what is visible, and man was yet unable to realise a Deity, who did not appeal to the senses. The Hebrews had seen religion in its grandest adornment, with all the accessories of temples and priests, colossal statues, mystic symbols, and gorgeous ceremonies. Oppression bound them to their own faith while they were in Egypt, and this faith retained its ascendancy over the elders, but was now less reverenced by the young. It no longer symbolised a brotherhood of bondage, that strongest of ties, and the new generation remembered the Egyptian ritual, and coveted its splendours. Moses converted his father-in-law, and brought him to say — "Now I know that the Lord is greater than all gods,"[1] but he could not eradicate the heathen leaven from the Hebrews. Hence the new dispensation was linked with ceremonies

[1] Exodus xviii. 11.

which overlaid its simplicity, but conferred a visible presence: so met the popular craving, and adapted religion to a rude age. At the same time, the ceremonies were declared to be typical, commemorating the Past, while they associated this with the Future, and they were to pass away when their import was fulfilled. The work would be accomplished by a Deliverer, whose mission they foreshadowed, and they were thus made both a standing prophecy and a covenant with posterity. Nor was it permitted that their aim should be forgotten. It was reaffirmed in the testimonies of the Prophets, and more and more unfolded, till the revelation foreshadowed the Deliverer's character and every incident of his life.

Logic has not settled the authority of prophecy, and there is a difference of opinion as to its very nature. Hume places it in the same category as miracles, and this is the view of Bishop Sherlock, but Lord Brougham considers "it is more exempt from the scope of the scep-

tical argument."[1] There can be no doubt that prophecy has a tendency to occur after the event, and suspicion is especially awakened by the prophecies of a remote age, because it is then impossible to establish precedence. Moreover, the mass of mankind has always believed in the existence of a faculty of foreseeing the future, thus disposing it to be imposed upon, and this increases our distrust, as it deprives prophecy of the corroboration of testimony. And what passes for prophecy may be a guess. A man pretends to foreshow the events of next year, and ninety-nine of his predictions fail, but one comes to pass; whereupon the chance coincidence is set up as a prophecy. So an ancient oracle foretells that a certain era will produce a memorable character, and a man appears at the time, and claims to be this character, when credulity sees points of resemblance, and the prophecy is deemed fulfilled. But what shall we say if the oracle comes from remotest time, and recurs in successive generations, always as-

[1] Preliminary Discourse on Paley's Natural Theology.

signing the Character the same mission, but making him more and more distinct—mentioning his descent, declaring that his birth will be out of the course of nature, fixing the place of his nativity, announcing that he will be meek and lowly, despised and rejected, but that the people will recognise him as a King and that he will ride into a particular city amidst their acclamations, that he will be betrayed by one of his friends, that he will be mocked and scourged, put to a shameful death, and his hands and feet pierced, while the spectators will deride his sufferings, invite him to drink vinegar and gall, and apportion each other his clothes, casting lots for his coat—that he will be buried in a particular manner, and then rise from the dead. It is manifest that here there can be no misconception. The Character fulfilling the career embodies the prophecy; for such coincidence could not result from chance, nor be achieved by imposture. Still, there does arise one objection: the predictions seem to prophecy too much; and we revert to the suspicion that they

followed the event, instead of occurring from two thousand years before.

The suspicion is rebutted by a signal incident. We receive the prophecies from a people who view them differently, and contend that they have a mystic application, yet to be accomplished. The Deliverer will be a second Moses,[1] with extended powers; his mission is to have a temporal object, and his universal dominion will be the supremacy of a Jewish monarchy. There can thus be no doubt of the authenticity of the prophecies, for they come to us through hostile hands; and we have only to ascertain they have been fulfilled.

It is said that the 53rd chapter of Isaiah does not relate to the Deliverer, but to a different character, some applying it to Jeremiah, and some to other prophets; but it is impossible to divine in what way it was realised by anyone but Christ. Of no one else can it be said —"the chastisement of our peace was upon

[1] The Jews applied the designation of "a second Moses" to Esdras.

him, and with his stripes we are healed"—"by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities"—"he was numbered with the transgressors, and made his grave with the wicked and the rich in his death"—"thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, and he shall prolong his days." For Christ professed to be sent to reconcile man to God by suffering in man's stead—his chastisement was our peace. Pilate condemned him to be scourged, and the stripes he received were part of his atonement for us; Christ revealed the mercy of God and his divine purposes, so his knowledge justified many; he was crucified between two thieves, hence was numbered with the transgressors; he made his grave with the wicked—with all mankind, and they were enriched by his death, for this secured their ransom; his soul being an offering for the sin of all generations. Finally "he prolonged his days," as he returned to the world, and thence ascended to heaven.

The witnesses to this career are four of

Christ's companions, to whom he was originally a stranger, but who were attracted to him by his holy life. Matthew addresses his gospel to the Jews, and points out its accord with the ancient prophecies; Mark is supposed to deliver the testimony of Peter, while he corroborates that of Matthew in a different order of narration; Luke expands the history, and is believed to have been assisted by St. Paul, though he declares that he had himself a perfect knowledge of events from the first; and the chronicle is completed by John, who adds some precious pages. The gospels present just those discrepancies which might be expected from different chroniclers, writing without concert, and delivering their own recollections of what had occurred, and they bear the stamp of dealing with events fresh in the recollection of thousands. Their genuineness cannot be disputed, and objection must be confined to their credibility.

We have already concluded that there is nothing incredible in the circumstance of the Deity making a revelation to Man, the most

gifted of his creatures, and the only one endowed with reason. Indeed, a time had come when it was thought that he should reveal His existence, if exist He did, and there was a vague expectation that something would occur. Philosophy had been revolving the problem; learning started new ideas, and these acquired circulation from the extent of the Roman empire. Thus the Gentile mind underwent a movement, and stood prepared. The Jews received the same impulse from a prophet, who announced it to be his mission to "prepare the way." But neither Jew nor Gentile could rise above Matter, nor throw off traditional impressions, and they were unable to conceive either a spiritual Being or infinite power. Plutarch gives this character to the doctrine of Plato, who comes nearest to Christianity—"the world was made by God, and is the most excellent of all created things, and He the best of causes. But the substance, or matter of the world was not created, but always lay ready; for the creation was not out of nothing, but out

of what had been without form and unfit, as we make a house, or a garment, or a statue." Here we have the very theory of Laplace and the materialism of the present day. But Christ promulgated a different creed. Men were "astonished at his doctrine," for he taught that God was a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit—that He not only formed, but created—that His power was without bound, and equalled only by His goodness. This Almighty Being was our Father, and invited us to appear before Him as children, in the same innocence, and with the same humility. He was no favourer of the rich and great, but the respecter of the poor and humble, the meek and lowly in heart, the weary and heavy-laden, the fatherless and the widow. He required of us no service but love, but this must be evidenced in our love for one another; and we were to ask His forgiveness of trespasses on the plea that we had forgiven trespasses against ourselves. Nor would our love be unrewarded. Selfishness might prosper in this world, but there was a

world to come—not a vague dream, stammered out by philosophers or scribes, but a world declared by a teacher who spoke as one having authority—who proclaimed himself its door, who was to lay down his life to open it to Man, and thus satisfy God's justice, while he completed his mercy.

We conceive that such a Character would possess supernatural powers, placing him in a position to prove his authority, while they enabled him to relieve human misery. And this attribute is claimed for Christ. But it is not through miracles that he addresses ourselves. Miracles are for eye-witnesses, and cannot appeal to another generation, except as a matter of faith. Faith involves a prior belief, induced by conviction, and here the conviction rises from consistency in the facts—Christ's blameless life and its harmony with prophecy, the tenor of his doctrine, and its practical uses. Miracles are irreconcilable with the deism of the Greek philosophers, because it represented the power of God as limited, but they are in keeping with the

doctrine of Christ, who taught that "with men this is impossible, but with God all things are possible." Can we accept such a doctrine? Does it accord with what we know of Creation and the vastness of the universe, and with the endless wonders of Nature? The concurrence is indisputable, and we must receive the doctrine, or ascribe all things to chance.

Thus there is nothing improbable in Christianity—rather a pervading reasonableness, which seizes both the understanding and heart. Its credentials are complete: they date from immemorial antiquity, embody the divine commandments to Moses, fulfil a chain of prophecies, accomplish the universal tradition of a sacrifice, realise our expectation of a divine revelation, and present us with characteristics that attest its authenticity. Judaism is divested of its materialism; the temple rends its veil of prophetic types, and we behold God face to face, and on every side — Infinite, Eternal, and Spiritual.

His ways are not our ways. Man's policy

would not cradle a prophet in a manger, elect him from the lowest walk of life, leave him uneducated, and give him no coadjutors but poor fishermen. We know that such an organization would be unequal to any result. The Jewish counsellor foretold that the movement must "come to naught" if it were of men. But "with God all things are possible." Man had been given reason; he had been surrounded with wants, which kept reason in action, and so forced it to advance; he had been endowed with conscience and furnished with an instrument of mutual improvement in language; and these faculties were apostles in his breast, and bore him on to a capacity for revelation. The revelation came, and was recognised and adopted.

Man was a rational being from the first, fashioned in God's image, but without a destiny. The creation of Adam marked a new epoch, and man's relation to God underwent a change: he "became a living soul." Four thousand years had now passed, and he entered a third phase:

his soul was ransomed, his intellect received an inspiration, and he advanced to a civilization which seems without limit, and which is itself a prophecy and a testimony.

CHAPTER XI.

OF THE SOUL'S MORAL RELATIONS.

MAN is civilised; he knows good from evil; he is acquainted with his Maker and his Maker's works; and the facilities of intercourse are expanding his sympathies, while language bestows literature, affording means of expansion to his mind. We look back on the past, and behold him in his primitive innocence, then grovelling on the earth, and then striving to rise, and fathom his position. We trace him through the palaces of Nineveh, the rocks of India, the solemn temples of Egypt, the marbles of Greece, and the baths and aqueducts of Rome; and now he seems benighted, and now lost, but is really moving on—slowly and unconsciously, and without perception of design. What a spectacle

for ourselves, to whom the progress is apparent, and who inherit its benefits. We cannot separate the movement from design: for we recognise its instrument, the human mind, contrived for the purpose, and justifying the prescience of the Contriver. The mind is still advancing, and what it has achieved certifies there is more to accomplish, and that it will triumph to the end.

But the soul has a course apart from this work: not independent of the intellect—for the intellect always guides, but a course outside of knowledge. Otherwise regeneration were confined to the learned. It is true, knowledge exercises a reflective influence. The sun shines both on the good and the evil, and the enlightenment of society affects the most ignorant. The illumination is salutary, but not essential, or it would interfere with the soul's freedom. Hence civilization takes a double action. The result is to elevate, but it has also a tendency to carnalize; and this tendency the soul is required to combat. And we are now in the heat of the

struggle. There never was an age so enlightened as the present; there never lived men more beneficent; but never was the temper of society so worldly. Philosophers consider it a mark of ignorance to believe in God: crime and casualty are ascribed to a law of necessity; corrupt motives appear in every walk of life and in every calling: there is no recognition of merit, except through interest; and we respect nothing but wealth and power. Ships bring us gold from Australia, and the products of remotest lands; our looms supply us with costly apparel; our houses are furnished for show, and provide us sumptuous fare every day; while railways bear us whither we will, art surrounds us with exhibitions of statues and pictures, music lends its strains of enchantment, and society offers both a field for display and a round of pastime. We need be vigilant to escape debasement in such a whirl. The soul requires to gaze forward, and remember the end, constantly recalling its own dignity —that it is a spirit, that its present surroundings are as a dream, and that happiness is to be

attained through its own virtues, not through the appetites of the body. And Christianity points out that the danger here attaches to the enlightened rather than the ignorant—at least, to the class which possesses the command of knowledge: the rich. Who can forget those words —" it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven," whereas the way seems open to the humble—" blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

It would thus seem that the first duty of the soul is self-denial. Nor can the soul realise itself but by the practice of this virtue; for by no other means can it feel that it is something apart from the body, and separable from the body's enjoyments. We know that the body cannot be self denying: for it is struggling for its desire, and is resisted by a power within, and we see the independence of this power, when it obtains the mastery. It must have been with such a design that the Jews were enjoined fasts, so that a sensual race might be taught spirit-

uality through the senses, and fasts receive only a tacit sanction from Christ, because He made self-denial a rule of life. No sanctification can be reached by denying the body its aliment: rather we neglect a duty, and injure the body without benefiting the soul. And it is a barbaric conception to imagine that such an act is pleasing to the Deity—unless in the case of a national fast, when it becomes a form of worship.

The fast enjoined by Christianity is that of self-denial—a fast in spirit, such as marked the life of the Saviour, and is tributary alike to our own happiness and that of society. We gain no more by substituting one article of diet for another than by wholly refusing food, but we commune with our soul when we practise self-denial —when we mortify ourselves for the benefit of others, or resist evil, and shun indulgence. At the same time, it is open to us to use the pleasures of the world, and partake of innocent enjoyments. The laws of Christianity are those of Nature, and are not averse to recrea-

tion, but they impose restraint on desire, and restraint is as salutary for the body as the soul.

Self-denial is the basis of spirituality, as self-love is the spring of action. And the first essential of self-denial is Truth, the condition of its exercise, and of all the virtues. Indeed, a certain degree of truth must characterise everyone, or society could not exist. We know that the soul may assume the semblance of truth, and be utterly false, and that we may be unable to unmask the deception. We are the dupes of a lie or imposture, and appearances give it colour or avert suspicion. We confide in a friend or servant, and it is in his power to wear the guise of devotedness, while he is working our ruin. A woman can caress her husband, when she has just left her lover, and the husband be equally perfidious, yet neither see ground to doubt the other. The lover can grasp the hand of the man he has dishonoured, and partake of his hospitality, and exchange words of friendliness, yet be conscious of this guilt in his soul. In fact, there is no relation

of life which does not hinge on truth, and which the absence of truth does not confound. Nor is it enough to be true in speech; truth should rule our feelings, and be the aim of our bearing. We forsake truth if we assume disguise, or express opinions biassed by prejudice or enmity, or if we parade one motive to cover another. The Deity calls for "truth in the inward parts"—in our breast and our very thoughts. What a spectacle for a man, if a gaze inward showed all to be truthful—thought, feeling, motive, and aspiration! And what a reward! His station might be the meanest in the world, and his soul would make him feel dignified; for truth confers a dignity kings might envy.

The effect is different when the inward gaze realises the absence of truth. Then the soul is unconscious of dignity, and either feels abased, or looks upon baseness as a quality of nature, and common to all. Lying becomes a habit, and is assumed like clothes—in speech and manner and motive, and set off with smiles

and fine professions. There are white lies and evasive lies, and lies polite, and there are lies of good intent. Certainly we may be required to speak when truth seems out of season, and usage rather demands a compliment, or when truth may inflict pain, or cause trouble, or may even lead to calamity. Dr. Johnson allows falsehood in discourse with a child or a murderer. But this seems a dangerous license, and religion and policy alike require us to be truthful with a child, and never offer the example of a falsehood. A child's questions may receive a qualified answer, or be silenced by rebuke. The case of a murderer is out of the range of argument, but it is the one exception, and nothing else can justify a wider latitude than reserve.

A life of truth is hardly more important than one of kindness. Truth must be tempered by kindness, or a man of truth would become a pest, and would be avoided, instead of sought. Truth claims precedence in the order of relation, because it supplies the substance, while kindness lies above, and is sequent. But kind-

ness is congeneric. Truth is the marble, and kindness the form and grace. The practice of kindness is so desirable, that Nature makes it an enjoyment, while Christianity declares it our first duty. The performance of a kind action thrills the breast, as if the pleasure were even shared by the body—and this sense of pleasure is a mystery ; for it must be spontaneous to be real. It is not to be obtained by purchase —that is, we cannot produce the feeling by doing a kindness for the purpose, but the kindness must be done for its own sake, and then the feeling rises unthought of. Studied kindness may produce a feeling of complacency ; but this springs from self-approbation, or conceit, and is a low effect. Wealth bestows of its abundance, and hugs itself on kindness, but the kindness is void of truth, so has no reality, and brings no thrill in the bosom. Kindness may give nothing, and yet be effective. It is not money, but sympathy, consideration, forbearance, magnanimity, loving offices, and goodwill : it

is a gentle spirit, a charitable tongue, and a ministry of fellowship. Kindness is in the look and in the voice; it recognises no distinctions, and is ever consistent. But its characteristics are too evident to call for enumeration. Enough to say that it is the virtue which the Apostle describes as "charity," and exalts over every other, even faith itself. Our Saviour conjoined it with love of God as the purport of the law and the prophets, and He was himself its embodiment. Indeed, his history is told by saying — "He went about doing good." Nor let us think that kindness is fulfilled by words. Kindness must be true. It need not involve self-denial, but there must be deeds, and kindness is irreconcilable with a niggard heart. Lip-service is nothing: show is nothing; for anyone may bestow soft words and fussy attentions; but kindness is generous, honest, and compassionate, and must be fruitful, or it is illusive.

Kindness would seem to be impossible without humility—so interknit are the soul's duties, and

so consistent their relations. We see a beautiful unity and a mutual dependence, and recognise a condition of being. And its suitableness is undeniable; for it obtains universal assent; and everyone wishes to appear truthful, few would be thought to lack kindness, and we laud humbleness when we possess none ourselves. In truth, humility is the rarest of the virtues. It is averse to appreciation of rank and wealth, and the value we attach to personal appearance, or physical or mental aptitudes, and also to our measure of our own actions and character: so it cannot be prevalent. But here we see a reason for its subordination. The business of the world could hardly go on if we were all humble. The efforts of life are prompted by its prizes, and these are sought as a social distinction, and because they mark superiority: whereas the aim of humility is not social advancement, but spiritual. It does not shut out the world, but it abates the ardour of pursuit,and may relax effort! So humility is ordained to come with later years, when work is done, and life's

vicissitudes have taught us moderation. We have outgrown the pride of youth, and its rivalries and hatreds; we have lost youth's vigour and beauty, and forgotten its ambitions. One passion remains—greed of money; but it rests on an appreciation of what money commands, not on love of display. Now humility may act, and it crops up from experience—or from satiety. But there must still be a congenial nature, which is truthful and kind. Humility is incompatible with selfishness, and the worldly remain worldly, and the heartless arrogant; for the touch of humility is too spiritual for any but sympathetic breasts. An equality of condition is difficult for the best to realise, nor do we come to understand that there can be no merit in being high-born, or handsome, or gifted, distinctions not acquired, but accidental. The world cannot see that pride would be more logical in the low-born, and deformed, and untaught, inasmuch as their life is a trial or a toil, and they owe nothing to fortune. It still seems a claim to deference to ride in a carriage, and live a life of ease—to

be prosperous and happy. But humility suggests other thoughts. It cannot eradicate those feelings—they have become ingrained, and are the tradition of society; but it tones them down. It unlocks the soul, and we gather an impression of the hollowness of worldly things, and the virtue of truth and kindness, preparing us for the surrender both of our substance and body, and the obliteration of the grave.

Humility is indispensable in Christianity. "I am meek and lowly of heart," exclaims the Saviour; and the words are verified by his career. The Apostle considers that we should make humility not only a rule of life, but a feature of our appearance: he calls upon us to be "clothed with humility"—a metaphor appreciable by the humblest mind, and suggestive to the highest. Certainly, such a robe is worthy of the Soul, and can add grace to beauty, and dignity to state. For it produces a spiritual effect; the Soul shines through, and our nature is transfigured, as it were; and

unconsciously exalted. There is a tradition that the Apostle John embodied our whole duty in five words, when he became too old to preach, and was carried into the church to exclaim—"Little children, love one another,"—that is, be like little children, truthful and humble, and be also full of kindness. The Saviour lays down the same rule, when he declares that the kingdom of Heaven must be received in the spirit of a little child.

Thus the soul's moral relations are linked with religion, and link religion with Nature, and both religion and Nature are steps to God. They lead us to God. They make us sensible of His beneficence, care, and forethought, and inspire a responsive feeling—love of God, the soul's first duty, but indivisible from the rest. All are a harmony. But love of God is the impulse and motive and sustaining power, at once our inspiration and reliance. The soul is drawn to God, and expresses its love in prayer and thanks and praise, and in contem-

plating God's majesty, remembering His mercy, and confiding in His care. Thus Man's duties are completed by worship.

Our first impression might lead us to conceive that worship is a delusion. One is confounded by the remembrance of the span of Creation, and its infinity of worlds, possibly inhabited by other rational creatures — and even by the numbers of mankind, and it seems impossible that God can be reached by the voice of a solitary man, often lowered to a whisper. Nor does it appear credible that a Being so majestic would heed our adoration, or be diverted from his supervision of Nature by our prayers. But reflection will bring us to another conclusion. We have seen that God is everywhere—not only in the firmament, but at our right hand, so He is as accessible to a whisper as to a voice of thunder. Nay, it needs not even to whisper. We have but to address Him in thought, and He sees—He HEARS! He even understands our thoughts long before. Such knowledge is too wonderful for us, but we

perceive that it is an effect of a First Cause. The Creator has shut the breast of man to every other eye, but to His own it is open, and its inmost recess disclosed. That He regards our welfare we have adduced proof. The doubt has prevailed in other times, and was confuted by the Saviour, who showed that God's care extended to the grass of the field—how much more to Man! The prayer may not be granted, but this is no sign of rejection; for we cannot be certain that its fulfilment would minister to our happiness, however it might gratify at the moment. The issue must be left to Him who sees the future, as well as the present, and who overrules events for our good. And prayer must be in harmony with the soul's duties, breathing self-denial, truth, kindness, and humility, and embodying love of God—which here means submission to His will, and faith in His mercy. This is the character of the Lord's prayer, the one we are enjoined to follow, and which the art of man has never been able to match. Let such

a spirit pervade our devotions; and there is no presumption in seeking any object, not inconsistent with God's justice, nor any irreverence in supplicating intervention, even when events seem decided. The situation may be hopeless to our eye, but nothing is impossible to almighty power.

CHAPTER XII.

OF DEATH.

ALL stops in a moment—the flowing thought, the memory, the sight, smell, and hearing, feeling and faculty. Three drops of prussic acid will strike down the body, with its elaborate mechanism, and terminate its functions, leaving nothing but a mass of flesh. Powerless are the hands that were so skilled, and the muscles that were so mighty, and blotted out the knowledge so painfully acquired, and forfeited wealth and rank and power. It is as if a complicated machine were in operation, throwing up steam, raising and lowering pistons, turning wheel on wheel, and resounding with the whirl of lever and spring, when there is a snap, and the whole fabric of motion is hushed.

There is our body, seemingly as perfect as yesterday: why have those hands forgotten their cunning? why are those ears deaf to the voice of affection, plead it never so sorrowfully? why are those lips silent? those eyes sealed? that breast insensible? Alas! there has been a snap, and breast and eyes and lips and ears and hands are now but shapes, and have neither sense nor office.

We all know that to this we must come. Death is a familiar idea, a memory of childhood, and the lesson of experience. Successively we see it carry off our playmate, friend, and nearest kin, and it is kept before our mind by its everyday levy on the great of the earth, or by the prevalence of fatal epidemics. Now it takes the young, and now the old, and sometimes it approaches by stealth, and sometimes with lightning speed. The scholar is seized in his bath, the preacher in the pulpit, the statesman in the senate, and the judge on the bench. It smites the Prince on his bed of state, surrounded by nobles and physicians, and

now he is nothing more than the corpse found on the dung-heap, and which we tumble into a hole. The hole is the destination of the Prince too, and of the nobles and the physicians: they are borne to it in pride, but plumes and pall are stayed at its brink; for "the gate is too narrow for pomp to enter."

Death has inspired saws from ancient times, and elicited as many admonitions from the philosopher as the preacher, while it seems to etherealise the poet. In truth, its presence touches the sternest heart, and forces recognition of a mystery—at the least, of a fact. Such as that body is, the beholder knows he must become, and shrinks from the conviction. But the shaft must be met, dread it as we may, nor can we tell when it will strike.

It is a true saying that a man considers everyone mortal but himself. We rarely bring death home to our own mind: its universality is remembered, but it is not realised, and so death remains a terror. Isabella speaks professionally when she says the sense of it is most in appre-

hension; for she has undergone the training of the convent, and made death familiar. Charles the Fifth reached the same temper by meditation, and could endure to be placed in his coffin, and go through a rehearsal of the mass for his soul. Habitual contemplation of death is fruitful of such fancies, and Shakespeare marks them in Hamlet, who regards death as a sleep:

"To die—to sleep—
To sleep! perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub!
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come . . .
Must give us pause."

Hamlet preceded the discovery of the circulation of the blood; therefore he was ignorant of the dependence of dreams on the passage of blood through the vessels of the brain, and the consequent stagnation of the brain by death. Association familiarised death to Shakespeare; for "he dwelt by a churchyard," and the churchyard of Stratford is very suggestive. He remembers its charnel-house, now pulled down:

"A charnel-house
O'ercovered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls." . . .

The churchyard he recalls more than once, and seems to remember that the body of a lady had been found there turned in the coffin, proving that she was buried alive—

"Things that to hear them told have made me tremble."

The apprehension of such a fate must be a standing terror, where it exists, and its existence is not uncommon. An instance was related to me by the late Duke of Buckingham, showing how the feeling haunted his uncle, Lord Grenville. It became overpowering at the approach of death, and he asked his butler to swear that he would plunge a carving-knife in his breast before he was borne to the grave. The butler complied, and fulfilled his bond, using the knife the moment before the coffin was screwed down, and when the dead man was cut off from the last chance of return.

We conceive such terrors from dissociating death from Nature, and seeing only our personal extinction. Let us consider death as a stage, and we shall understand that circumstances will conform, and smooth the passage. Our

case is simply that of every being, and what has befallen a hundred generations. The way may be rugged, but we can remember that numbers have died on the rack, and in the flames, and on the battle-field, after agonies of wounds and fever: whereas our own end may be surrounded by ministries. We derive no consolation from the sufferings of others, but they teach us resignation, and a picture of greater anguish mitigates our own. Separation involves a pang, which circumstances may deepen, from their affecting them we leave behind, but let us reflect that riches are not everything, and that the fatherless find friends. It is more material that we should be at peace with Conscience; for now we are called upon to review our career, and what this presents will either soothe our agonies, or render them intolerable. Memory flares in its socket, strict to mark our misdeeds, and well it is if there be acts that present some balance. Then the light may be quenched in our eyes, but we shall not be left in darkness.

The ways of death are veiled. We approach the grave unconsciously, and reach its brink without the mind having a perception of the change at hand, and which some declare to be extinction. Doubtless there is reason for a certain obscurity. Man would lose interest in life if he foresaw the moment of his end, and there could be neither progress nor happiness. That the end will come he knows; he is equally aware that it may be to-morrow or to-night; but it is as likely to be deferred for half a century, and the uncertainty dispels the awe. The mind centres on the world, and gives itself up to the world's concerns, so that we are hardly reminded of our own mortality by sharing in funeral solemnities. But is it irreconcilable with worldly action that we should have a perception of the approach of death?—in fact, be capable of foreseeing death when it is close at hand? There seems no reason for denying us this forebodement; and it is a moment when we might expect the soul to possess a sensitiveness, which would feel the shadow before. Nor

are there wanting attestations of the occurrence of presentiments, or even of more direct warnings. Sometimes a notice would seem to reach a second person, and I am acquainted with two such incidents, for the truth of which I can vouch.

A lady was observed to be suffering distress of mind, which she tried to conceal, but was constantly found in tears. Her elder son pressed her to confide to him the cause of her sorrow. She first evaded compliance, but finally yielded, and declared that she had been visited by the spirit of her younger son, then in China. She affirmed that she was lying awake in bed, when she heard a rustling noise, and asked who was there. A voice replied—"It is George: farewell, mother!" Her elder son slighted the story, and tried to persuade her she had been dreaming, or was deluded by her imagination, but she insisted that nothing could be more real, at the same time expressing her conviction that her son was dead. Enquiry was set on foot, and her foreboding proved correct, for

her son was found to have died about the time she supposed.

The other incident is more curious, because there seems no possibility of tracing it to the imagination. S. dreamt that he was standing in a cemetery, where all the monuments were the length of the grave, and ranged in tiers, each inner one just topping the tier in front. Suddenly he heard a voice, and was startled to behold his father. He awoke with a vague dread, and with the dream stamped on his mind. Morning brought intelligence of his father's death, and he hastened to the house, and learnt that he had expressed a wish to be buried in a particular cemetery. S. went to this place to select a spot, and beheld the cemetery of his dream, with the self-same monuments, and every point concordant.

It is easy to sneer at such coincidences, but they possess an import, which entitles them to attention. Intellect will attach weight to every phenomenon, whatever its character, and here it is of engrossing interest. We may

distinguish between the strange and incredible, and should remember that mystery is separable from superstition. At the same time we must be guarded in drawing inferences, for we are led by imagination, and can hardly be certain that what appears supernatural is not the effect of its sorceries.

Certainly we cannot smile at these associations of death till we are more versed in its phenomena. And death is veiled to the subtlest science. Physicians have watched its advent from the time of Galen, and noted its thousand shapes, but they cannot arrest its progress. Often they look for a fatal issue, when the patient is recovering, and death as often takes them by surprise. It was a doctrine of the most eminent surgeon of our time[1] that the physician could only assist nature, not restore. Indeed, so little has science learnt of the conditions of the human body that no two doctors will recommend the same mode of treatment, or even the same rules of diet. Here is an

[1] The late Sir Benjamin Brodie.

absence of first principles, and we find a science groping in the dark, and every practitioner doing what is right in his own eyes. Such a system may alleviate pain, but cannot pluck up disease, and it is powerless before death.

Nothing is more certain than that diseases multiply with the progress of time. Some of the epidemics of the present age were unknown to our grandfathers, and maladies of that day were undreamt of a century before. The average of life is not shortened, but we might expect it to be lengthened, and it is a matter for wonder that its duration is no greater now than in the time of David, 2,900 years ago. The ordinary limit of man's days is restricted to three score and ten, in spite of surgery, and although our cotters may enjoy comforts never conceived by David. The fact can only be appreciated in relation to the two eras, and by comparing their knowledge, and social and physical condition. We shall then understand that it must be attributable to decay. The human frame is feeling the wear of successive generations, developing

the effects of their vices, and extending their infirmities. Populations show a greater proportion of cripples, idiots, imbeciles, deformed, blind, deaf, and dumb: a larger number are attacked with consumption and diseases of the lungs; there are more victims to cancer; and more cases of paralysis and epilepsy. Naturally the body was sounder in primitive times—made of sterner stuff, having undergone little deterioration: therefore, it was less susceptible to disease, and more enduring. Mr. Goodwin considers that the Egyptian monuments fix a hundred and ten years as the extreme bound of life, but that the average was not greater than in the present day.[1] This statement is disappointing, but is more favourable than the report of the Psalmist, who places the bound of life at "fourscore years,"—a fall of thirty years in five centuries. The limit of 110 years was reached by the patriarch Joseph—"So Joseph died, being an hundred and ten years old,"[2] and the same

[1] Mélanges Egiptologiques. Deuxième Série.

[2] Genesis l. 26.

age was attained by Joshua, while Moses lived a hundred and twenty years, retaining both his faculties and vigour—"his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated."[1]

Sir Cornewall Lewis maintains that there is no authenticated instance of a human life exceeding a century, and ignores the cases of Jenkins and Parr, one of whom lived to the age of a hundred and seventy-five, and the other to his hundred and fiftieth year. Undoubtedly it would be difficult to substantiate these ages now, but it is as hard to show they are fabulous, and Sir Cornewall's scepticism proves nothing. Still it has created an impression, and a writer in the *Saturday Review* contends that this can only be effaced by the authentication of an instance in the present day. Dr. Humfrey adduced a case at the recent meeting of the British Association, but acknowledged a defect, as he stated the age on hearsay. An indisputable instance has come to my knowledge, through the kindness of Major-General Lawrence of Surbiton.

[1] Deuteronomy xxxiv. 7.

The General's mother was Mrs. Martha Lawrence, daughter of John Cripps, Esq., of Upton-house, Tetbury, and was born on the 9th of August, 1758, in Bow Lane, Cheapside, and christened at St. Mary's, Aldermary. She died on the morning of the 17th of February, 1862; consequently, had arrived at the age of one hundred and three years, six months, and seven days. Her sight and hearing became impaired in her hundredth year, but not seriously, and she could both see and hear to the end. She exhibited a degree of bodily feebleness, but it was not till a fortnight before her death that she took to her bed, and even then rose daily to be dressed. The approach of death threw no cloud on her intellect. Her eye might be dim, and her natural force abated, but she retained her memory, and evinced a sound judgment, and clearness of apprehension. One present at her death, reports that "the freshness and warmth of her feelings and her regard for the comfort of those about her were strikingly evinced only a few hours before she passed away. She was sen-

sible to the last, and died without a struggle." So enduring is the Soul, the hoar of a century leaving it the beauty of youth, and almost the bloom.

Sir Cornewall Lewis might have convinced himself that human life is capable of such extension. Last year's report of the deaths in England ascribes this length of days to no less than twenty-one men, and eighty-two women. A man at Chelsea attained the age of a hundred and nine and West Derby registers the death of a woman of the patriarchal age of a hundred and twelve. Nor is longevity rare in climates less favourable to life. Travellers are astonished at the age reached by many of the Indian Brahmins; and Schlegel affirms that there are instances of the age of a hundred and fifty among the Russian peasants.[1] The years of a patriarch are still within possibility, and may be won by an unpampered body and disciplined mind.

But is such a term of life to be desired? One may think the world could hardly seem a home, when we had outlived our generation, and

[1] Philosophy of History.

lost the associations of fellowship. It is possible to form new ties, but we cannot evolve new feelings, nor awaken feelings in them who are divided from us by years, and by removed degrees of kin, and whose sympathies are with their own contemporaries. Our age may command veneration, and our character win tenderness, but where is the communion of life, with its action and companionship? Even the rich grow weary: how much more they who have known the burden and heat of the day!

After all, the longest life is a span in the duration of Time. What were the ten years to Hezekiah fifty years later? Death must come, and the most craven find it endurable, when they see it is inevitable. And some meet it with a smile, averring that they hear celestial voices and strains of music. Others beg only a parting look at the sun—

> "The setting sun, and music at the close,
> As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,"

and others fade away suddenly in a sleep, and never taste death.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF THE SOUL'S FUTURE.

SPECTRAL analysis gives us the impression that the elemental basis of the sun corresponds with that of the Earth, though the sun's fabric is different; and Christianity teaches that we shall have a future existence, elementally akin to the present, but differing in nature. There will be grades of rank—for the kingdom of Heaven will have its great and its least, and we shall eat and drink,[1] and have a bodily form, but the body will be of another texture. Hence it will embrace new relations, and there will be neither marrying, nor giving in marriage, but man will be as the angels of God. His elemental basis will be the same as now, in so

[1] Mark xiv. 25. Luke xxii. 16.

far that he will possess form and substance; but it will be illumined by his Soul, and be so much brighter than his mortal state as the sun is brighter than the Earth: "there is one glory of the sun and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead."[1]

It is important to examine whether there is logical warrant for this creed. The fundamental article is that "all men shall rise again in their bodies," and we seem to start with an impossibility. The body is buried and moulders into dust, or it is burnt to ashes, and ashes and dust pass into other conditions. A man leaves a limb in one part of the world, and his body is entombed in another, or he is drowned, and eaten by fishes, and becomes fused with their substance. How is this dissolved frame to gather again after a lapse of thousands of years?

The difficulty seems insuperable; but it is met by the Apostle, who brings it nearer to

[1] 1 Corinthians xv. 41.

comprehension by comparing our resurrection to the quickening of seed. We shall rise again in our bodies, but not in the body that died, and which has mouldered away, but in one decarnalised: "it is sown a natural body: it is raised a spiritual body." We shall burst from the grave in a new person—an event we may conceive, since it is paralleled both by animal transformations and in our own body in life. For our body perishes while we live, and builds itself anew, and we are never aware of the proceeding. The twentieth year of life finds us without a particle of the body with which we were born: all has passed away—bones, blood, flesh, muscles, teeth, skin, and hair: we are a new creature—only the body is still a natural body and still mortal.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the transformation of the caterpillar, which encloses itself in what may be called a sarcophagus, and remains entombed for nine months, when it bursts from its grave a butterfly. I have seen it in chrysalis, and it is completely dead and hermetically

coffined, so that it seems a bit of withered stick. Yet this death is a passage to a brighter life, when it no longer grovels on the earth, but cleaves the air, flies from flower to flower, and basks in sunshine. Nothing could better mirror the resurrection of Man, as figured by the Apostle; for here is sown the body of a worm, and there rises an aerial body, clothed with beauty, and borne up by wings.

A like coincidence appears in the development of the gnat. The parent lays a certain number of eggs, on the surface of a pool, and prevents their immersion by enframing them in a kind of oil, while they are preserved from drifting by a thread, carried to the pool's bottom—the contrivance imaging a buoy secured by an anchor. But advance to maturity causes the eggs to sink, and each then emits a worm, which seeks the bottom. The worm passes through a subaqueous stage, but presently appears in another form, with a large head and a hairy tail, and provided with an oleaginous secretion, which she discharges over her tail, and thus

acquires buoyancy, being now able to keep her head in the air, while her tail is submerged, and pilots her whither she will. She is on her way to a third condition. Suddenly she casts her skin, resigns her eyes, drops her antennæ and tail, and apparently expires. But this death is like the caterpillar's, the prelude of a future: and now there comes forth a winged insect, with a structure exciting our admiration. The trunk is one of the masterpieces of Nature, so exquisitely is it contrived, and so minute is the space for arrangement, the extremity of the trunk being invisible to the most powerful microscope. The same handiwork is apparent through the body, which a coat of scales and hair protects from wet or dust, while the wings are decked with a furbelow, or border of fine feathers, and a plume of feathers crowns the head. So the gnat goes on his course rejoicing.

Such parallels reduce the improbability of a resurrection of Man, granting that it is in another body, a body decarnalized—which has cast

its flesh, as the worm and caterpillar their skin. And we can hardly doubt a capacity of revival in the Soul, when we behold this capacity in the meanest insects. It is true, life is suspended for only nine months in the caterpillar, and we know not the term of suspension in the Soul; but the physical fact is the same, and the Power equal to the one effect is adequate to the other. Nor must the argument overlook our relative position; for the difference in the terms of suspension cannot be greater than the disproportion of the caterpillar's attributes to those of Man, and their respective grades in the scale of Nature.

It is one thing to recognise the practicability of a resurrection, and another to be satisfied it will happen; and conviction rises from different grounds. Enough for Faith that the resurrection is declared by the Saviour, but this is insufficient for logic, which asks for corroboration. Can we conceive that Man would be reserved such a destiny, and not be apprised of it at his creation — even have it ingrained in his nature, so that it would both

descend by tradition, and endure in apprehension? Reason expects a primeval belief, and the event is accordant. The Saviour confirmed the resurrection, and explained its character, but the doctrine existed from time immemorial. The British Museum contains a stele, which carries up belief in the soul's immortality to the reign of Amenophis III. nearly fourteen centuries before Christ. Lepsius places Amenophis at a much earlier era, about 1488 B.C., but Dr. Birch informs me that he inclines to the fourteenth century, because astronomical data seem to mark the reign of one of the monarch's ancestors at B.C. 1450. The stele is in the hieratic character, and has been decyphered by Dr. Birch, who has here given us one of his greatest discoveries; for the stele proves to be a register of the endowment of a temple for the benefit of the soul of the founder. So we find the soul's immortality a doctrine within three generations of Moses. But it was then no novelty: it was established; and men sought to benefit their soul by dedicatory temples like

Roman Catholics in the present day; therefore, the doctrine must have prevailed for ages before. Indeed this has been ascertained by Dr. Birch, who tells me that "it can be distinctly traced back as far as the 11th dynasty, and although not recorded by any monument of the 4th, appears in works, such as prayers, &c., which probably date from that age."[1] Thus we trace it beyond the verge of record.

Dr. Birch describes the Egyptian notion of immortality as asserting the divine nature of the soul, and embracing transmigration, a great and future judgment, and a new birth, with changes in the future state itself. But this was the developed creed, and the Ptolemaic period seems to have introduced further changes.[2] On the other hand, the practice of embalmment suggests the belief to have originally rested on a resurrection of the body; otherwise embalmment would have no purpose, but it is natural that

[1] Letter from Dr. Birch to the Author.

[2] Described by Dr. Birch, in a paper read before the Society of Antiquaries.

there should be a design to preserve the body in connection with an expectation that it would be reoccupied by the soul. The event was considered distant; for the embalmment aimed at indestructibility, and it took a form so effective that it has preserved bodies for four thousand years.

It is said that the soul's immortality was not a doctrine of Moses. Indeed, the same assertion was made in the time of the Saviour, and divided the Jews themselves, forming the barrier between the Pharisee and Sadducee. But the Saviour pointed out its variance with the very commission of Moses:—"And as touching the dead that they rise, have ye not read in the book of Moses, how in the bush God spake unto him, saying I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. He is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living; ye, therefore do greatly err."[1] Moses does not represent the revelation as saying, I *was* the God of Abraham, but I *am* the God,

[1] Mark xii. 26, 27.

wherefore, Abraham was still alive in spirit. And the doctrine of immortality must have been known to Moses; for we see that it co-existed in Egypt, and he had been trained in the Egyptian dogmas. Indeed, he constantly points to the soul in this sense; first, at the creation of Adam, where man becomes a "living soul," not only possessing a life like other animals, but a distinct life; sccondly, in the equivocation of the Serpent: "ye shall not surely die," intended to persuade Eve that death would not occur at all, but veiling the truth in the word "surely," which we may understand as meaning that her death would not be real, or absolute, but only temporary; thirdly, in the record of the translation of Enoch; fourthly, in that of the death of Abraham and of Ishmael, Isaac and Jacob,[1] who were all said to "give up the ghost," or soul, and *then* die, intimating that death involved two incidents—the surrender of the Soul to God, as well as the cessation of existence in the body. Nor is it difficult to understand why

[1] Genesis xxv. 8, 17; xxxv. 29; xlix. 33.

the doctrine is not made more prominent. It was unnecessary to insist on what was already believed, and what no one disputed. And the immediate function of Moses was to promulgate a religion for the present world—to set up the authority of God and His commandments, and bring the Jews to recognise His rule. A barbarous people could not be expected to appreciate a Future, reached through death; and they were to be held in restraint by temporal considerations, obedience to God insuring prosperity in their affairs, and rebellion entailing calamities. The task of foreshadowing a Future was reserved for the Prophets, and the whole mystery was to be revealed by Christ alone. Moses left the doctrine as it stood: the soul was immortal, and he tells us that God terms death a sleep—"And the Lord said unto Moses, Behold thou shalt sleep with thy fathers,"[1] but he knew nothing more. And we may discern a reason for this reticence, inasmuch as the announcement of a Final Judgment might have

[1] Deuteronomy xxxi. 16.

reminded the Hebrews of the religion of the Egyptians, and brought them to confound this with their own. It was enough that the Hebrews knew of the soul's immortality: indeed, they held a tradition of the resurrection of the body; and David prophetically says, "my flesh also shall rest in hope."[1] So he likewise declares that he shall go to his dead child, though his dead child shall not return to him.[2] And we find Elijah praying over the corpse of the widow's son—"O, Lord my God, I pray thee let this child's soul come into him again."[3] The body was dead, but the prophet knew that death did not extinguish the Soul, and he asked only that the soul might return.

Thus we trace the doctrine from primeval times, coming down as the first belief of Man, recognised by Moses, and maintained by the Prophets. Did it also endure in apprehension? —that is, did it strike Man, when the tradition of it was lost? Hardly was it more apparent

[1] Psalm xvi. 9. [2] 2 Samuel xvi. 23.
[3] 1 Kings xvii. 21.

to Elijah and David, than to Socrates and Plato, those Prophets of Nature. Both these sages held immortality to be self-evident, and Socrates appears to have realised the soul's spirituality; for Xenophon's account of his discussion with Aristodemus represents him to say that the Deity has "placed in man's body what is a much nobler work to have made—a most admirable soul," and he instances the consequent distinctness of Man's endowments to show that he stands apart. At the same time, the bearing of his argument illustrates the soul's immateriality.

Here is the testimony of wise men: they look inward, and see whereof they are made, and cannot believe they are but dust. But the doctrine is to be ingrained in our nature, if it be true. Destiny is not only for the philosopher, but the savage, and we shall find a perception of it in the darkest breasts. Origin may be lost, religion have sunk into witchcraft, and Deity have become a fetish, yet this one impress will survive, if ever it were given. And survive

it does. Belief in a future state is universal, and can be traced over a range extending from the Esquimaux of the Arctic regions to the natives of Polynesia. The impressions are different, but it is the one idea, whether it pictures hunting-fields and perpetual wars and cannibal feasts, or feasts of reindeer and regions of moss or ice.

We may now be satisfied that the doctrine of a bodily resurrection possesses coherence: it is not physically impracticable, as we have seen; and it combines the authority of a belief, a tradition, a conviction, and an instinct. But the Soul is distinct from the body: it is intangible, having neither substance nor form; and can we associate such an existence with eternity? It is true, Christianity links its resurrection with a body—a body of a new temper, and the transmutation of the body during life demonstrates the possibility of the change. But a disembodied soul seems a shadow. Who has seen one? We hold the corpse: it is lifeless, but death has not taken it away; we know nothing

of the soul. It has disappeared: why may it not be annihilated?

NOTHING IS ANNIHILATED! Things fade from view; the dead body moulders away, so does a mountain, but the elements of the body pass into other substances, and the atoms of the mountain form new ground. Matter cannot perish. It may be crushed into dust; it may be burnt; it may explode; but it still exists. The particles can be reduced to invisibility, but we only resolve them into elements, and these are absorbed in new combinations. Then, how can we look for the extinction of the soul, which possesses an organization independent of form? —which is a sort of abstraction, as it were, and cannot be struck down! But can the soul exist without the brain? We see that it is through the brain it performs its functions, and affections of the brain impair its action, while a diseased brain produces madness. The soul receives from the brain all its impressions, by whatever process—whether by the agitation of molecules of the brain, excited by particular

nerves, or some joint action of the cerebral nerves and blood-vessels. Can the soul retain life dissevered from this adjunct? Can it exercise memory, thought, inference, and contrivance? Undoubtedly, for no one can say that these faculties depend on the brain. The brain is their medium of operation on the body. It carries their mandate to the hands; it darts their impulse through the nerves; and it conveys to the soul the sense of outward things, by sight, sound, smell, and touch. Thus it affords the soul a medium of acquisition as well as action; it ministers to the soul's enlightenments; but it is not necessary to the soul's being. The brain is for the body: the soul is complete in itself.

The possibility of the soul existing without the body is proved by the phenonema of sleep. There is thus a significance in the designation of death as sleep, in God's summons to Moses, and it almosts seems a revelation. Sleep holds the body in suspension; the internal functions proceed, but there is no external life, though we

retain a sensibility to touch, and can sometimes hear. But the mind is more active than ever. It carries us from incident to incident with the rapidity of light: we pass through the business of years in a second of time, and experience both the sorrows of life, and its joys. Dreams bring us to perceive consistency in the Christian doctrine of a substantiality in the future condition of the soul; for they make the soul partake of food, undergo agitation, and feel the alternations of hope and fear. It may be said that dreams occur to brutes. Let us watch a sleeping dog, or cat, and we shall see that it occasionally starts or utters a moan, or evinces some other sign of distress, and this we consider the effect of a dream. But I rather connect it with a pressure on the brain from impeded circulation. Man shows the same distress if his posture interfere with the passage of the blood, and the brain becomes impressed with some terror, which we call nightmare, and which may equally visit brutes. But such an effect is not to be called a dream; it results from a bodily sensation, and

is unconnected with Mind, whereas dreams are spontaneous, and what sensations they embrace they originate. Congestion may excite a distortion of the last image on the brain of the brute, but it is itself a sufficient cause for the uneasiness, and the ebullition is too feeble to suggest to us any other. Indeed, the brute's uneasiness ceases with a change of posture, which it generally produces, and the dog may be roused, and will show no sense of having been agitated. But sensational sleep cannot be thus shaken off by Man. He will dream that he is in his own bed, as he actually is—he will have a perception of every article in the room, and the sensation raises some phantom, which he can hardly believe to be illusive when he awakes. Or he will dream he is lying by a corpse, and awake horrified, the sensation continuing till he finds it proceeds from suppressed circulation in his arm or leg. Yet sleep leaves such freedom to the apprehension of the soul, that we may overcome sensation without awakening—*we awake in sleep!* A man dreams that he is forced to

jump from the top of a house, when he suddenly remembers that the leap will break no bones, as he is only dreaming. The dominance of the soul in sleep is more strikingly exhibited in Somnambulism, when the soul obliges the sleeping body to rise from bed, open doors, and descend stairs, fulfil some errand, and return to bed. It is true, the return is not sure. The sleeper may go often to the window, and fall out at last. But accident is the exception, and the rule is safety, which has been reached through hazards almost incredible—so perceptive is the soul, and so perfect its capacity of self-existence.

It is usual to found an argument for a future existence on the inequalities of the present; and I cannot but think the idea suggested the doctrine of transmigration, the Egyptian priests indicating a final equilibrum under a myth. And the inference may seem to be sanctioned by Christianity. The soul of Dives is told "thou in thy life-time receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is

comforted, and thou art tormented."[1] But a little consideration will show that Dives is not tormented for having received good things in life, but because he kept those good things to himself. His five brothers enjoy the same abundance; he is anxious that they should escape his punishment, and he prays that Lazarus may be sent to bid them repent—not to give up their possessions. But Abraham replies that they have Moses and the prophets, who nowhere prohibit riches — indeed, they teach that the righteous shall prosper—and the five brethren have but to conform their lives to what Moses and the prophets enjoin, and they will incur no danger. Nor does Dives appeal against the sentence on himself: he tacitly admits its justice, and simply begs that Lazarus may bring him some water—the Lazarus who lay at his gate, "desiring" to be fed with the crumbs from his table, but whom he left to the mercy of dogs. It is then that he is gently reminded of the advantages he possessed during

[1] Luke xvi. 20.

life and the past misery of Lazarus, recalling his scorn of the poor, and we gather that it is for this he suffers, while Lazarus is rewarded for his patient endurance.

The inequality argument would apply to brutes, as well as men, for brutes are subject to the same differences of condition. The high-mettled racer lives a life of ease, fares sumptuously, and is tended with the utmost care, while the drudge-horse is a beast of burden to the end of his days, constantly beaten and tortured, and obliged to toil on, when "full of sores." So with dogs. One is pampered and caressed, borne in a carriage, and attended by lacqueys, and another endures a life of misery. Inequality is the penalty of existence. We are not to look for a blissful future because our present condition is one of hardship, while other men revel in luxury: at least, such an expectation is unwarranted by Christianity. Doubtless our condition here will be considered, but it will be in relation to the manner in which the trial is endured, and the tenor of our career. Many

of the last in the present world will be the first in the next; but exaltation is not promised to the humble in station, but to them who humble themselves. And God's justice maintains a balance in the world more than appears. The workers have their portion, and the yoke is sometimes hard and the burden heavy, but they also have consolations, and riches buy no exemption from life's sorrows, which are often busier in the palace than the cottage.

We have but to consider the subject, and we shall never doubt the soul's immortality, nor a future judgment. They are imaged in the uses of the present life, in Nature, and in history, and they are written in our own breast. Everywhere we see PURPOSE — above, around, and within, in the course of nations and the vista of events. And is it credible that Man has been raised so high merely to sustain a brief existence, often cumbered with misery? Is it here alone there is to be NO purpose?—here where God has stamped His Own Likeness, where we behold a reflection of His qualities, where He

has bestowed the most exquisite feelings, and every grace and beauty? Does He confer such endowments to heighten our sufferings, and then leave us to perish? Then, we may echo the sentiment of the blind poet of antiquity:—

> "Of all that breathe,
> And walk upon the earth, or creep, is naught
> More wretched than the unhappy race of Man."

But Man appears in a different light to Shakespeare. Knowledge had advanced; Christianity had dispersed the darkness which benighted the soul of Homer, and Shakespeare's eye swept the expanse of Nature, rolled from Heaven to earth, from earth to Heaven, and discerned God and the future. Man was now "the beauty of the world." The poet saw nothing to compare with his excellences, and hailed him as the "paragon." And can we believe the Creator will destroy this masterpiece, while all the inferior works are designed to endure: for endure they do in their material, though transformed and untraceable. Even the human body may thus be said to remain. What disappears is man's

soul—all that makes him eminent, almost divine; the noblest of created things. And can it be that every other created thing is treasured, and this annihilated!

There are but two issues for the soul—it must live for ever, or death stamps it out. It cannot moulder away, like the body, and become fused with new combinations. It dissolves into nothing, if dissolution there be—or it survives! Religion declares it is imperishable, and her testimony is in unison with logic, and all we see in Nature: it is confirmed by primeval belief, and by the conviction of the oracles of human thought. "There is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence," says Cicero, "and this takes the deepest root, and is most discoverable, in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls." What proof can we receive beyond the united assurance of religion, nature, history, instinct, and wisdom?

And the soul's immortality cannot be sundered from a future judgment. It is true, there

is a measure of retribution in this world. Usually the thief is tracked, and the murderer hunted down, and events may punish more private wrongs. But there will remain a balance both for the thief and murderer, while there are many who escape human justice, and more whom it never impeaches. The Psalmist and the Saviour alike warn us that judgment is deferred. Here the wicked may prosper, though they can enjoy no peace; and they on whom the tower of Siloam fell were not the worst sinners in Jerusalem. All shall likewise be judged. We are accountable beings—accountable to God, as well as society, and a time will arrive when God will demand this account—when we shall come to appear in the presence of God. Then will be opened the secrets of all hearts: then no mask will screen the liar, the hypocrite, and the secret slanderer, the false friend and the malignant enemy. Such a prospect might appal the best, did they rest on their own merit; but divine mercy extends a means of redemption to all. Our stay here is but for a moment: youth